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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

They Come at Last.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

They come at last,
Like the low gushing of the summer stream,
Those visions of the past,
That haunt me in my lonely hours a fairy's dream

Their blissfulness has come
With sounds as sweet as Angel's melody,
Or the faint breathing hum
Of ev'ning leaves in the wildwood tree.

My spirit's natal hour
Caught all its hues from such a scene as this,—
And memory's power
Would rest its wing forever on this mount of bliss

And in my charming ear
Comes voices soft as those of calmy spring!
Hopes rich and dear
As those to which a maiden's wishes cling

Hopes heritage is mine,
And pure ones mingle in the ceaseless song,—
As bending o'er the shrine,
They swell the echoes of the bright wing'd throng

And round me is the spell
That shadows forth the fate of coming years
As sibyls tell
Fates sealed book, alike its smiles and tears

And I have bowed
Before that image, not with cringing knee,
As do the crowd;
But high and holy was my thought of thee

They come at last,
Like the low gushing of the summer stream,
Those visions of the past,
That haunt me in my lonely hours a fairy's dream
Philada. 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A Brother's Farewell to his Sister.

BY ALFRED MAXWELL.

Come near to me, my gentle girl,
Come share a brother's parting sorrow—
And weep with me those tears to-day,
Nor thou, nor I, may shed to-morrow.
Come lean once more upon my breast,
As when a simple child caressing,
Thou 'st knelt beside our mother's knee,
And pray'd to her to grant her blessing

The wind blows fairly for the sea,—
The dark waves high their crests do rear,—
And ere morn's sun doth light the skies,
I'll be far away, my sister dear
Yet closer, closer round me cling,
Though another claim thy love to-morrow,
None, none are near to reprove the tear,
That flows to-day for a sister's sorrow

And say, that when between us be
Wide lands and many a mountain billow,
Thou wilt breathe a prayer to Him
Above, to guard my lonely pillow
And let me hear my fav'rite song,
Yet once more from thy sweet lip pealing,
For none are here to see the tear,
That flows as each soft note is swelling

Then lean once more upon my breast
As when a simple child caressing,
Thou 'st knelt beside our mother's knee,
And pray'd to Him to grant his blessing
Ay! closer, closer round me cling,
Though another claims thy love to-morrow,
None, none are here to reprove the tear,
That flows to-day for a sister's sorrow
Philada. July, 1841.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Purse.
An American Tale.

BY SKETCHER.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

It was a clear, cold, sunshiny Christmas morning in Philadelphia—Christmas, merry Christmas! Chesnut street was thronged with people, whose faces beamed with happiness, and whose hearts leaped with joy, a joy not the least abated by the thrilling peals, which ever and anon rung out from Christ Church bells. The old, the young, the rich and the poor, were all mingled together in the gay thoroughfare. All classes and conditions seemed to have thrown aside care, determined to enjoy blythe Christmas with unalloyed felicity.

Perhaps it was this being engrossed so much with pleasure, more than hard-heartedness, that caused the gay groupe who were going to and fro, to disregard the earnest appeals made to their sympathies by a young lad, apparently about fifteen years of age, who was wending his way through the throng, entreating them to bestow upon him a trifle for his poor mother.

He was a slender lad, and seemed to be quite delicate. Notwithstanding the poorness of his apparel, there was no appearance of vulgarity about him, on the contrary his every action was full of gentleness and grace. There was something interesting in him. His features were regular, and finely cut; his brow broad and open, around which clustered masses of chesnut curls; his eyes jetty black; and his eye brows delicately arched, seemed like pencilings upon his clear white skin. There was no bloom upon his cheeks, as is usual in youth, and a shade of melancholy rested upon his face which told that though young he knew sorrow.

Poor lad! he wandered along several squares, seeking in vain to arrest the attention of some one of the busy crowd, but they all passed him by unheeding. The merry laugh, and the joyous tones fell harshly upon his ear: he could not share in them. "All hearts are light but mine," murmured he, and the tears started in his eyes. He wiped them away, and proceeded on a little farther, but with no better success.

Shivering with cold, for his clothes were poor and scanty, he was about to turn into a cross street in despair. Suddenly, however, he stopped, and appeared to hesitate.

"Poor mother!" said he to himself, "she will starve. No: I must not go home. I will try again."

At that moment he looked up, and saw three young girls, one about his own age, and the other two a little older, standing before a shop window, admiring the articles exposed there for sale. A new thought seemed to have struck him. Hitherto he had applied to gentlemen, and ladies; now he bethought him that perhaps those of his own years would lend a more willing ear. Accordingly he approached them, and instinctively addressed himself to the youngest. Whether it was the benevolent expression of her face, with its mild blue eyes, so different from the haughty appearance of the two dark eyed girls who were her companions, or whether it was because she was nearer his own age that he first accosted her he scarce knew.

"Will you please give me a few cents, Miss, to buy some food for my poor sick mother?" said he with downcast eyes.

"No, don't, Gertrude," said the eldest of the other two, looking scornfully upon him, and then addressing him she added, "we haven't got any to give away: we want all our money."

"Do, pray do," said the lad imploringly. "My father is dead, my poor mother is sick, and she has no fire to keep her from freezing this cold weather, nor has she any thing to eat. Only a few cents."

"I will give him some Jane," said Gertrude to the one who had spoken, "wouldn't you Louise?" she continued, turning to the other, as the tears glistened in her eyes.

"You may if you choose," answered Louise, "I shan't."

"Neither will I," said Jane.

"But his sick mother," said Gertrude.

"Pooh! I hope you don't believe that story. He just wants to get some pennies that he may play pitchpenny with some of the other bad boys about the streets."

As she spoke she turned short around, and began to examine the articles in the shop window.

"Indeed I do not tell you a lie," said the boy warmly, fearing she might be influenced by the examples of her companions, "indeed I do not. Oh! do not refuse me. My poor, poor mother—I fear she will die before I get home. She has had nothing to eat these two days."

The kind hearted girl could not withstand the appeals of the shuddering boy, made as they were in such pitiful tones, and taking her purse from her bag she put it in his hands.

"Take this," said she, "my uncle gave it to me this morning to spend for Christmas things, but I can do very well without them. Run home with it quick, and may it make you more comfortable, if not merry, on this Christmas day."

The boy hesitated.

"Maybe your uncle will be angry, Miss," said he.

"No, no," she answered, "he gave it me to spend as I chose, and now I choose to give it to you. Hasten with it home."

"God bless you! God bless you!" he exclaimed, as the tears of gratitude coursed each other down his pale cheeks. "May you never want bread as we have done."

He would have thanked her more, but the thought of his starving mother came across his mind, and leaving them he was soon out of sight.

"What a dunce you are Gertrude," said Jane, "to go and give him all your money, too! Now you are done purchasing."

"Well, I don't care," said the good hearted girl, "come, cousins, let us go in the store if you want to make your purchases." They went in.

CHAPTER II.

The youth did not stop to count the contents of the purse he had received, but turning onward as rapidly as his benumbed limbs would allow him, he went his way toward the south-western part of the city. After traversing many streets, he at last turned in to a small dirty lane whose aspect betokened the abode of poverty. Lifting the latch of an old frame fabric, situated therein, he rushed into an apartment, whose wretched appearance fully corresponded with the exterior of the building. Indeed it was almost destitute of furniture. A table, two or three old broken chairs, a few plates, and cups, upon a dresser, a water pail standing in one corner, and a candle-stick of tin that was upon the mantle, completed the furniture of the apartment—with the exception of a truckle bed near the chimney place. Upon this bed lay a woman, pale and attenuated, whose face, though thin and wasted, still bore marks of having once been beautiful. The soft Grecian outline of features, the thin and finely chiselled lips, the delicately arched eye brows, the full dark liquid eyes, and the jetty silken hair, that fell in a rich flood over the wretched pillow on which her head reclined, all told of past loveliness and beauty. She was pale, and appeared to be very weak and feeble—so much so that she did not shudder, even as the keen air, entering the cracks and crevices of the apartment, and blew over her miserable couch with biteing chillness, though it might be, perhaps, that it was the intenseness of the cold, which had already chilled the blood in her veins, and made her insensible longer to its freezing breath.

"Mother! mother!" cried the boy, throwing himself on his knees beside the lowly couch, as soon as he had entered the room, "mother, cheer up!—look!—I have money—see! see!" and he held up the purse before her as he spoke.

The woman essayed to raise herself suddenly up as if to grasp it, but the effort was vain, and her slightly raised head fell again heavily upon the pillow. Her lips moved slowly: he bent his ear to catch her word.

"You did not—get it—unlawfully?" she muttered brokenly.

"No, no, mother," said the boy, "it was given to me by a sweet creature—an angel—God bless her! Yes! God bless her sweet face—it was almost as pretty as your own. She was so kind, too. No, no, I did not steal it."

"Thank God!" murmured the woman faintly, and the blood played for a moment over her pale cheeks, and around her lips, and then fled, leaving them still more ghastly pale.

Poor woman! her trials were nearly over. That momentary flush told that death's icy touch was fast chilling her very heart. The lad seemed to have an apprehension of this, and, throwing his arms about her neck, the tears coursed each other rapidly down his cheeks, as he gazed earnestly in her face.

"Mother, dear mother!" he exclaimed earnestly, "look up, look up—be of good cheer—we will yet be happy. I will go and get the doctor for you—he will come now, for I will do without victuals, and give him all this money if he will make you well."

"'Tis too late—too late," she whispered, her eyes slowly unclosing part way, and smiling half tenderly, half wildly.

"Oh! say not so, dear—dear mother, say not so. I will go this instant and fetch the doctor, and he will make you well, dear mother—he *shall*, for I cannot bear to part with you!"

As he spoke, he grasped his cap from the part of the bed, where he had thrown it when he entered, and was about to leave the room. He had scarcely taken a step, however, ere a low groan from the sick woman arrested his attention, and he turned again to the bedside. Her eyes were gradually closing, a slight convulsive tremor played for a second, or more, around her mouth, a chattering of the teeth, a shuddering of her frame, that slowly passing away, left her a stiffening corpse. Her spirit had winged its flight to eternity.

"Mother! mother! oh! dear—dear mother!" he exclaimed, almost frantically, "speak—speak—do but speak again! Why do you not look upon me, mother!—upon your William. Can it—can it be you are——!"

He could not say dead: it seemed too grating—too harsh. He took her hand in his; it was cold—icy cold. He knew it then; he knew she was dead. He threw his arms around her neck, and, pressing his lips to her pale cheek, wept as though his heart would break.

CHAPTER III.

When Jane, and Louise Walton were done making their purchases at the store, they, with their cousin, Gertrude Clarendon, left it, and proceeded homeward. They soon arrived at a splendid mansion in Walnut street, and ringing the door bell, were in a few moments admitted. Hastening along the hall, they entered an elegantly furnished parlour, where sat a middle aged man, engaged in reading. He was a noble looking person, and on every lineament of his handsome features was marked benevolence, and mildness. He laid down his book as they entered, and with a pleasing smile asked how they had succeeded in their purchases.

"Oh, admirably!" said Jane and Louise, in a breath, and they proceeded to spread out before him the various things they had bought, consisting of ivory needle cases, gilt edged books, souveniers, &c.

He examined them, and expressed his pleasure at their beauties.

"But where are yours, Gertrude?" said he, turning to his niece, who stood beside him, with one of her delicate hands laid upon his arm.

"I have none, sir," she replied.

"None! Why, did I not give you money as well as your cousins?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"But what, my dear?" said he, winding his arm around her waist, and drawing her closer to him.

She hesitated to tell him, for fear he might be angry with her.

"I will tell you what she done, father," said Jane, "you know she believes every thing a beggar tells her, and so she gave all her money to a ragged boy, who told her a great story about his mother being sick—having nothing to eat—no fire, and so on."

"Indeed I could not help it, uncle," said Gertrude, putting her arm around his neck, and looking with her soft blue eyes coaxingly in his face, "indeed I could not. He begged so hard, and looked so pitiful, I really believe he told the truth. You will forgive me, uncle, will you not? I did not think when I gave him the purse about its being your gift, or I would have kept it, and given him the money only: I was so touched with his appeals that I put it into his hand without thinking. But you will not be angry, will you?"

"Angry! no, Gertrude, no! It were worth ten thousand purses, filled with ten thousand times the amount you have given, to know that you possess a generous heart! Girls," he continued, turning to his daughters, "I am astonished that you could not find it in your hearts to give this poor boy, at least, a part of yours."

"Forgive me, father," said Jane, abashed, "I have regretted since that I did not: I will strive to act more generous in future."

"And I, too, have since thought," said Louise, "that what he told us may have been true, and that we might have given him something for his mother."

"Well, well, my daughters," said their father, kissing their rosy cheeks, "for time to come always feel for, and remember the poor. Here, Gertrude," he continued, taking a note from his pocket book, "here is twice the amount you so kindly gave to the poor boy. Take it, my noble girl, you well deserve to be rewarded. Remember always that benevolence is one of the most godly of virtues."

So saying, he arose, and left the room.

It has been said that "the general makes the soldier." With the same propriety it may be asserted that the mother makes the daughter. It is a truth that cannot be denied. We have an illustration in the case before us. The mother of Jane and Louise (she was now dead) was a woman of the fashionable world, whose heart had been made callous by contact with society, so that it never responded to the calls of distress. Reared, too, amid wealth from her very birth, she in fact could not comprehend the sufferings of the poor. She had formed the opinion that all beggars were imposters, and some had been found so—an opinion, unfortunately for the virtuous poor, that is too generally prevalent. This opinion, by example, she instilled into her daughter's minds, and though they possessed hearts like that of their father's, naturally kind and benevolent, yet the example of their mother clung to them like an unseemly garment, hiding the beauty that lay beneath.

Not so was it with the mother of Gertrude,—Mr. Walton's sister. She was a woman, unlike Mrs. Walton, whose chief beauty was her mental accomplishments. She had a heart to feel for poverty, and an ever ready hand to alleviate its distresses.

But Gertrude's mother was now dead, as well as her father. They had died some years before, leaving her an orphan heiress to the guardianship of her uncle, who, like his sister, cherished the generosity of disposition which she possessed.

CHAPTER IV.

Alone in the counting-house of one of the extensive mercantile establishments in the city of New York, sat a young man, apparently about twenty-one or two years of age. His arm rested upon the desk at which he was sitting, and his head reclined upon his hand. He seemed to be lost in meditation on some object that lay before him, for he sat for a long time without moving his eyes therefrom, or even so much as changing his position. At length, however, he gave vent to his thoughts in words.

"More than six years have elapsed," said he, "since I received this purse, then I was a poor, ragged, penniless beggar boy; now I am heir apparent to one of the richest men in this vast city. Yes, six years have passed away, but the memory of that day, and of her who gave me this, cannot fade. No! never! I vowed beside my poor mother's death bed, that if ever I were able, and could discover the generous girl, whose kind heart pitied the half starved little mendicant, I would strive to repay the debt of gratitude I owe her. Would that I could! But I fear 'tis a vain hope, for I have nothing but this purse, with 'Gertrude Clarendon' marked upon it. Well, perhaps it may chance yet to come to pass."

As he finished speaking the door of the counting room opened, and a man of middle age entered.

"Ah! William," said he, smiling, "the purse again! Methinks there is some other feeling toward the donor in your heart, besides that of gratitude."

"Nay, uncle," answered the young man, confusedly, "I love to gaze upon it at times, because it reminds me of my mother——"

"And of a certain little blue-eyed lass, whom a certain William Leslie would have no objections to fall in love with, if he could happen to come across her again—that is he has not already, merely from gratitude." And the uncle looked archly in his nephew's face as he spoke.

"Nay, uncle, there would, perhaps, be but little use of that, even though I should 'come across her,' as you say: there are great changes happen in people's situations in six years. For instance, witness how different is mine. She may be wedded, and have forgotten long, long ago the little beggar boy, or she may be dead, and lying in the cold and silent grave."

"True—I was but jesting," said the uncle.

"But," continued the young man, "as I was saying, I love to look upon the purse, because it reminds me of my mother; and—I will not deny it, for I will ever remember her—of her who gave it to me; and last, though not least, because uncle, it brings to mind the debt of gratitude I owe to you. You who have cared for me like a father for a son."

"Aye! and who will care for you as a father for his son, even when he dies."

"May that day be long coming!" and the young man turned away to hide a tear.

He took up his hat, and drawing on his gloves, left the counting house. He walked along meditating upon the conversation he had just been participating in, and ere he was aware he found himself upon the quay. A steamboat was just about to leave, and he stopped to witness its departure. All was hustle and noise. Passengers, some on foot and some in carriages, were constantly arriving, and hastening on board. Porters were running to and fro with baggage, some with wheelbarrows, some without. Car-men, hack-men, white-men, black-men, all added their quota to the general din, while the noisy news-boys with their "morning paper sir," and the boiler of the boat with its phizzing roar, in no-wise lessened the tumult. Then there were the partings of friends—the "farewell" uttered in a trembling voice—the silent grasping of the hands—the dimmed eye, and the lingering step, that told, as plain as words, how fond the hearts that were severing. What an exciting scene! So thought William Leslie, as he stood apart, watching the busy crowd.

The last bell was rung—the "all aboard" had been proclaimed—and the fastenings were about being cast loose, when suddenly he was startled by the screaming of women, and the cry of "a man overboard." He ran toward the spot at the edge of the wharf, where the people were crowded most together, and beheld a man somewhat past the middle age struggling in the water. Nearly all around seemed paralized—none moved toward a rescue. Some, it is true, recommended what ought to be done, but, as is usual, did not make any efforts themselves. William was a good swimmer, and seeing the imminent hazard of the gentleman, he immediatly threw off his coat, and plunged in. In a moment he was breasting the current with his burden,—and in a few more, they were both drawn on board the boat, which had been fastened again to the wharf.

The gentleman shook the water from his locks, and feeling in his pocket drew forth a well stored pocket-book, which he proffered to William.

"Take this, young man, as an unworthy reward for the invaluable service you have rendered me," said he, "at least, until I can have a better opportunity of giving you a more substantial proof of my gratitude. I would thank you could I find words to do so, but my heart is too full."

William put back the money with his hand.

"No, no," said he, "I did not risk my life for money, I risked it to save a fellow creature's life. Excuse me."

"Take this, then," said the gentleman, handing him his card, "and if you ever visit Philadelphia do not neglect to call upon me. My house, and heart, will ever be open to the preserver of my life."

The fastenings had been just cast loose again, and William, with the card in his hand, jumped ashore, whilst the boat proceeded on its way.

CHAPTER V.

It was a gala day in Philadelphia—the anniversary of our independence—the birth day of our nation—the day of all days to an American freeman! That day, when the heart of every true Son of Columbia, beats with a prouder thrill—when his veins burn with a warmer fire of patriotism—when he treads his native soil with a lighter step, and feels that he is FREE! What volumes does that word speak! Free! aye! as the winds that rove through ether, and know no bounds. Freedom! 'tis a jewel kings do not possess; a title princes do not own. Yes! It is a day, the patriot glories in. It is a day when his soul expands in thankfulness, and his lips utter gratitude; a day when the events of that period that "tried men's souls" crowd thick before his minds eye, and he sees the bloody grounds of Lexington—of Bunker Hill—of Concord, and a host of others, where fought, and bled, "the heroes of the revolution."

It was on the morning of such a day, that a young man issued from one of the large hotels in Philadelphia, and bent his way leisurely along through several of the principle streets, to witness the demonstration of joy on all sides. The streets were thronged with people. The military, with music playing and colors flying, were marching in companies toward the place of general rendevouz. Old age, and blooming youth—grand-sire, and grandson, grand-mother, and grand-daughter—alike were "keeping Fourth of July." The beauty and loveliness of the city were tripping along, gracing with their many charms the festivities of the day, proud in the knowledge that they were the daughters of the free. Here might be seen the honest mechanic, with his neatly attired wife and little ones, wending their way along on foot; there the man of wealth in his fine equipage, or the trim beau on his prancing steed. Altogether it was an exciting scene, not the least lessened by the frequent roar of artillery that ever and anon broke upon the ear.

The young man wandered on, witnessing with pleasure the enthusiasm of a happy people, and thanking God that he was born in America—that he could call himself a freeman. For some time he had continued his walk, and he was now before the time-honored, and venerable State House. What emotions thrilled in his bosom as he looked upon that hoary edifice!—Upon that very spot, where long years before, was read for the first time to an assembled people, the Declaration of our Independence. There within those walls had often assembled those men of Roman courage—those choice spirits who had dared throw off the shackles of tyranny,—the illustrious signers of the instrument that declared us no longer subject to a Britain's will, and who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, for its support. Within its precincts, too, the footsteps of Washington, and La Fayette, had echoed—men whose memory will live forever in the hearts of a grateful people.

Full of such thoughts he stood riveted to the spot, when suddenly he was startled by a piercing scream, and upon looking round he discovered a pair of horses, with a carriage at their heels, coming down the street toward him, with lightning speed. On, on they came in their madd'ning course, and he had just time to observe a lady's veil floating out of the window of the vehicle, and that the driver still clung to the box, though unable to manage the animals, ere they were before him. The young man paused not an instant, but rushing forward he laid his hand upon the mane of the nearest steed, and with an agile spring, quick as thought, was upon his back. Grasping the reins, he continued to hold on with one hand, whilst with the other he drew from a side pocket a spring knife. Leaning down with great risk—for they were going at a rapid rate—he cut the harnessing of the off horse loose, as well as he could, and as far as he could reach; then regaining his upright position, with the point of his knife he pricked the mettled steed, who, giving a tremendous leap, cleared the shaft, and shot away at a fearful speed. Flinging the knife away, the young man now exerted all his strength to stop the horse he rode. Gradually his pace diminished, and at last he stood still, and quivering in every muscle, covered with foam. Some citizens at that instant laid hold upon the bridle, and jumping from his back, the young man opened the carriage door, and drew from within a young lady, who had fainted. Perceiving an apothecaries opposite, he immediately bore her hither. As he laid her upon a sofa in the shop, and whilst the proprietor was administering restoratives to her, he had an opportunity to examine her appearance. And what a vision of loveliness burst upon his sight! Her face was pale as death, yet it was divinely sweet, and her features were chiselled with an exquisite fineness. Her eyelids, half closed, revealed a pair of deep blue eyes, shaded by long silky lashes; and her eye-brows were just so delicately arched, and pencilled, as befitted the brow they graced. Her hair was jetty black, and now free from restraint, fell in rich luxuriance o'er her polished neck, as she lay there in calm unconsciousness.

Slowly she revived after a space, and, gazing wildly around seemed bewildered. After a moment, or so, memory began to resume its sway, and she recollected what had happened. The disordered apparel of the young man, as her eyes rested upon him, told her he was her preserver, and, blushing, she extended her hand, and in a sweet voice thanked him for his invaluable services. He bowed, and then in order to avoid the praises of the surrounding persons, he quitted the store, leaving her in care of the humane apothecary.

He had not been gone long before a gentleman appeared who addressed the young lady as niece, and who was almost frantic with joy at her escape. When she had sufficiently recovered, a carriage was procured, and he departed with her, regretting greatly that he was deprived of an opportunity of beholding the saviour of his niece's life.

CHAPTER VI.

On the morning after the event related in the foregoing chapter, the young man again left his hotel, and bent his steps toward Walnut street. As he went along, his eye took notice of every carriage that passed him, as though he would fain behold again the lovely girl he had rescued. Yes, her image haunted him constantly. She had been in his thoughts all the preceding day, and he had dreamed of her by night, and now he wished he could but behold her again. But it was vain. Many bright eyes beamed from the tasteful equipages, upon his graceful form as they whirled by; but those mild blue orbs that had looked so sweetly upon him the day before, were invisible.

He arrived at length before an elegant mansion, and taking a card from his pocket, looked first upon it, and then at the plate upon the door: then mounting the marble steps, he pulled the silver handled bell. In an instant the servant answered the summons.

"Does Mr. Walker reside here?" inquired the young man.

"Yes sir, will you walk in?"

The elegantly furnished parlour into which he was ushered bespoke the wealth of the inmates.

"Your name, sir, if you please," said the servant.

"He is unacquainted with my name; take this to him," answered the young man, handing him the card.

The servant departed, and in a few moments footsteps were heard in the entry, and then a gentleman of some forty years, or more, entered the apartment. He stood a second near the threshold, and steadfastly regarded the features of his visitor; then stepping toward him with a hasty pace, he grasped the young man's hand with a warmth that told he was no unwelcome guest.

"Welcome, welcome," said he, "a thousand welcomes. Had I an hundred tongues, they could not give sufficient welcome to the noble presence of my life. John," he continued, summoning the servant, "bid your mistress come hither."

"And now," said he to the young man, "allow me to inquire to whom I am indebted for preservation from a watery grave."

"You set too high a value upon my poor services sir. My name is William Leslie, nephew of Charles Richardson, of New York."

"The merchant Richardson of New York?" inquired he.

The young man nodded assent.

"I rejoice in it, for he is a worthy man."

"Alas, sir, he lives no more," and the tears dimmed the young man's eyes, "he died about a month since."

"Dead! May he rest in peace!"

At this moment a light step was heard at the threshold, and what was William Leslie's surprise to behold before him the lovely girl he had saved from death the preceding day. Blushing, she immediately, and before the gentleman had time to introduce William, proceeded to thank him for her life.

"How is this niece?" asked Mr. Walton.

"It was he, Uncle, who yesterday saved me," said she with downcast eyes.

Tears of gratitude started to the Uncle's eyes.

"Then, Gertrude, we both owe to him—"

"Gertrude!" interrupted the young man eagerly, "excuse me if I inquire your niece's family name."

"Clarendon," was the reply.

"Clarendon! Do you know aught of this purse, Miss?" asked he putting one in her hand.

"I do," said she, as after examining it she handed it to Mr. Walton. "Uncle do you remember your gift?"

Astonishment was depicted in the countenances of each. They knew the purse, but recollected but dimly how it had passed from their possession.

"I have it now," cried Mr. Walton suddenly, "it is the one you so generously gave to a little beggar boy on Christmas day, many years ago."

"Yes, yes," said Gertrude, "now I remember; I little expected to see it again."

"Perhaps you as little expected to see him to whom you gave it," said William, "I and the little beggar boy are one."

We will pass over the mingled astonishment and pleasure of the parties, and only notice briefly the events of his life, as he related them to Mr. Walton and his niece.

His mother, who with a brother were the only children of a rich merchant of New York, had married against her father's consent, and was by him disowned. Her brother, who dearly loved her, essayed to dispell her father's anger, but it was unavailing. Her, and her husband, removed to the West, and her brother heard no more of them. In a year or two afterwards the old gentleman died, leaving all his fortune to his son, who would fain have sought his sister out, and shared with her his riches, but he knew not where to seek her. In the meanwhile bad fortune seemed to pursue his sister, and her husband, in the West. Two children had been born to them, William the hero of our story, and a daughter; the latter died when she was about two years old. Sickness, and other casualties, reduced them greatly, and they thought if they could but get back again to their native city, they might get some assistance from Mrs. Leslie's father, who by this time probably had relented. But Mr. Leslie did not live to reach New York. Grief and care had undermined his health, and he died ere they had completed half the journey. William, and his mother, reached Philadelphia, where Mrs. Leslie was taken sick and died, as we have seen, in poverty. William had often heard her speak of his grandfather, and uncle, and after having her buried with part of the money he received from Gertrude, he journeyed by the aid of the remainder, to New York, and sought out his uncle, who received him, and treated him with a father's kindness, and when he died made him his heir.

"And now," said William, "I will ever bless the day when I became the possessor of this purse."

Reader! need I prolong my story? I ween not. You have no doubt already guessed what happened next: that after a courtship there was a declaration of love, and after a declaration of love a marriage, and to some that more important thing a marriage feast. You are perfectly right. But you will not, perhaps, so easily divine what became of two other characters in my story: I think I hear you inquiring already what of "Jane and Louise Walton?" Oh! excuse me, I had forgot to state that they had already ceased to exist, and were buried— "Ceased to exist! Buried!" You're exclaiming. Hold! now; not so fast. I do not mean that they had ceased to exist in life, but that they had ceased to exist in maidenhood, and had for several years been buried in the bosom of their happy homes. And now that I have satisfied you, adieu!

Philada. July, 1841.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

A Maiden Sat by a Linden Tree.

A maiden sat by a Linden tree
In a Southern forest, wild and free—
And the blooming woods of that silent vale
By Summer's light winds sway'd
Ne'er trembled to a sweeter tale
Than that, his lips betray'd—
As a lover knelt by that maiden pale,
And breath'd in accents soft and low
Thoughts, such as lovers only know

The lover's tones were gay and free
As he knelt by her side 'neath the Linden tree
Lady, I've roam'd o'er lands afar—
Through knowing, and unknown;
And I choose a bower where the Western star
Most sweetly on me shone—
Come go with me, and rival there
That light of my Western home
But the maiden's cheek still grew more pale;
For her thoughts were with her silent vale

The lover changed his accents free
As he knelt beneath the Linden tree
And they grew to a deep impassion'd wail—
For, his heart was full of woe;
And thus he said—"From this silent vale
Sweet lady, you will not go?"
But his tone has touch'd that maiden pale;
And the bright tears freely flow—
She has vow'd unto him her first love there
And follows the light of his Western star

The Gipsy Girl.

It was a rich autumnal evening, and the sky had that soft and mellow hue, which is only seen at the decline of a November day, when a horseman might be discovered, leisurely moving along a broken road, that wound among stunted trees, and rugged banks, in the vicinity of one of those old forests for which England is so celebrated. The stranger was attired in a common shooting dress, and mounted on a sturdy little pony, who seemed intended more for use than for show. The lane was almost deserted; but now and then a village maiden would pass the rider, and as she did, it might have been remarked that she turned to take a second look at his open, handsome countenance. The road, however, soon became more solitary, and for nearly a quarter of an hour the horseman pursued his way in silence.

"Surely," said he, at last, speaking abstractedly, like one thinking aloud, "I have seen this place before; yet when I know not. The recollection of it comes across me like an object beheld in a dream, dim and shadowy. And that old tree," continued he, checking his horse, beside a gnarled and twisted oak, which for centuries had braved the tempest, "I recollect it as vividly as if I had seen it only yesterday," and he put his hand to his brow, as if endeavoring to recall some fugitive recollection to his memory. But the effort appeared to be unsuccessful, and after a moment's pause, he gave his horse the rein, and went on.

As he proceeded the road grew less wild, and at last emerged into an open glade of the forest. He had half crossed the verdant meadow when the cries, apparently of a boy, were heard amid the underwood ahead, and hastening instinctively forward, he discovered a little dark-eyed child, not more than ten years old, in the hands of a coarse, ruffianly-looking rustic, who was beating him unmercifully. A young girl, about eighteen, stood by imploring the man to desist, and a single glance convinced the horseman that, though her dark eyes, coal-black hair, and characteristic costume betokened her to be a gipsy, few of any race could vie with her in beauty. It was the impulse of a moment to spring from his horse, and snatch the boy from the gripe of the rustic, sternly demanding at the same time what had induced him to abuse one so inferior in strength. The man somewhat abashed, stammered out that he knew him to be a young rascal, who belonged to a gang of gipsys, that had pilfered his farm-yard of poultry.

"Oh! no—believe him not," said the gipsy girl, speaking for the first time since the interference of the stranger, "it is not so—Hamet never, never did it—he is my brother"—and as she lifted her countenance, with its dark eyes still glistening with tears, to the face of the young man, he felt that there was that in her artless earnestness which proved that she spoke only truth.

"It is enough," said he, turning to the now sullen countryman, "that you were beating a child—shame on your manhood for it—I will take care," he added, again addressing the girl, "that he harms you no more if you wish to go."

The girl seemed too eager to escape from the presence of the brutal farmer, to hesitate a moment in adopting the stranger's advice, but hurriedly taking her brother's hand, she struck off into the depths of the forest. As she turned to go, however, she lifted her eyes once more to the face of the stranger. That look of gratitude, so timid, and yet so unreserved, lingered in his memory for years. The rustic looked sullenly after his retreating victim for a minute, and then with a muttered imprecation struck across the glade. Watching long enough to be satisfied that he meditated no pursuit after the gipsies, the young man mounted his pony, and continued his journey.

The moon was already visible above the tops of the neighboring trees, when he emerged from the wood, a mile or two distant from where we last left him, and tying his horse to the paling of a neighboring park, sprang lightly over the enclosure. At the first sound of his footsteps on the soil within, a light female form stole noiselessly out of a neighboring shadow. In the next minute she was locked in the intruder's arms.

"Isabel—my own, my love," passionately said the young man, pressing her to his heart.

"Herbert, you have come at last, but why," murmured his companion, "why are you so late?"

"I had an adventure, and I missed my way; but it is nothing now that I see you once more," and he playfully kissed her cheek.

And minute after minute passed, and those two young beings still continued, conversing in a low tone, such as only lovers use or can understand. At last the lady said, as if in allusion to something of which they had been speaking.

"But Herbert, you know this cannot always be, and that my father will grow impatient for me to answer, either favorably or not, the addresses of Sir John De Vere—counsel me," and the beautiful girl, almost wrung her hands "how, how shall we act?"

"Isabel, my own Isabel," said the lover passionately, "why will you thus almost forbid me to hope? As you say yourself this temporising must come to an end. Why not," and he pressed the fair girl again to his side, "end it at once, and be mine! I cannot offer you splendor—God knows I wish I could!—but I have at least a competence at my command. My commission and my little fortune will together afford us that."

"No—no, it cannot be—I cannot desert my father,—ask me to do any thing but that."

For a moment the lover was silent, and perhaps a slight frown might have been seen a moment on his brow. If so it passed instantly away. His companion seemed to read his feelings, for laying her hand confidingly on his, she looked up into his face, with her soft, blue eyes, and said,

"Herbert—you know how I love you, but surely you would not ask me to prove it, by openly disobeying the only parent I have left. Perhaps I do wrong even in meeting you here—at any rate it must be the last one for the present. Nay, now, do not say any thing, dear Herbert, for I am all your own, and though fate may never make me yours, no one shall ever make me another's," and bursting into tears she flung herself unreservedly into her lover's arms.

"Nay, dry up those tears, sweet one," said he, soothing her gently, "I did but jest—you are too pure, and good, Isabel, for one like me. But listen now, dearest, to what I have often promised to tell you of my early life, and what I know of my birth. Remember I said I would tell it to you to-night."

The beautiful girl lifted her head from his shoulder, brushed back the thick tresses from her snowy forehead, and with her lover's hand clasped in her own, sat down to listen to his story.

"Of my early childhood," began the lover, "I have but a faint recollection, yet I remember a rich old hall, and that a sweet lady, dressed in black, used to take me in her arms, and look into my face until the tears gushed into her eyes. Then she would kiss me again and again—but all this seems only like a half remembered dream. I recollect, too, a wide lawn, for such it seemed to me, and a gnarled and twisted oak whose counterpart I saw with much surprise to-night. Then I recollect a dismal day when every thing was hung in black, and they told me the sweet lady was dead. I knew not then what they meant, but I knew it was something dreadful, and so I wept. After that every thing seems a blank, until one day I went out with a woman who must have been my nurse, and we strolled on amid green fields and under hoary trees, until suddenly a number of men rushed up to us, and taking me in their arms, carried me away. I remember how frightened I was, and that I began to cry. But I was soon muffled up so that I could neither see nor utter a complaint—at least so it appears to my memory. But all this I recollect indistinctly, and the faces and every thing are shadowy and flitting.

"After that I remember being a poor, wretched little boy in a dirty suburb in London, where the old houses were tottering with age, and all around bore the marks of poverty and crime. I remember, too, once catching a glimpse of a woman that looked like what I had fancied my nurse to be; but I only saw her for an instant in the dirty hovel where I lived, and as soon as I appeared she vanished. For years I lived a life of toil and sorrow, and petty tyranny. I knew that the two degraded beings who called me their child were not my parents, but I knew also, from experience, that I dare not say so. At last I grew old enough to learn that there was a way of escaping from such a home, and I remember one fine summer day stealing away into the fields, and wandering on till night in the country, thinking the farther I got from town, the safer I should be. I was taken up by an old bachelor, he whose name I bear, who took pity on my destitute condition, and was to me a father, until the day of his death. He procured me, at the proper age, a commission, and left me, by his will, his little fortune. It is that which I have to offer you.

"You know the rest of my history. I met you, and loved you. At your cousin's quiet seat, we mingled in each other's society unchecked, and at last you owned that you were not wholly insensible to me. Then came our separation—and then your father's refusal. I was only a poor soldier it was true—such were his words—but that he might have overlooked, had I brought with me the name of some knightly line. It was in vain I wrote to him the story of my early life: he answered that such faint recollections could not be depended on; that it was only some childish dream, which I had confounded with the reality; and that my words had only given him new arguments against me. But enough. He never told you this—did he, Isabel?"

"Never—alas! he will never relent," murmured the beautiful girl despondingly.

"But I have now, since I came here to see you again after a year's separation," added the lover, with a more sanguine tone than his companion used, "some hope, however faint, of discovering the secret of my birth. It was but yesterday that I saw an old woman, at a poor cottage just outside the park gate of Lord Stanforth—your country peer, I believe"—she nodded assent—"who seemed agitated, I knew not why, at my sight. She muttered something I could not hear, and rushed hastily into her little hovel. This morning I received a strange note, written on dirty paper, hinting that the writer knew something of my real parentage and rights, and appointing to-morrow evening, an hour after dark, to meet me, in a certain glade of the old forest, called 'Wizard Glen.' The note was incoherently written, and signed 'a repentant woman.'"

"And will you go?" eagerly asked the maiden.

"Certainly," answered her lover, "if it results in nothing I shall be no loser, and there is every thing on the other hand to gain. I hired a boy to guide me to the spot to-day, in order that I might not be observed to-morrow."

"But may it not be a snare only to rob, and—perhaps—murder you," said the maiden, in a quivering voice.

"No fear of it, Isabel,—I shall go armed—but cheer up, dearest," said her lover, fondly kissing her, "for this may be the last adventure of my changing life preparatory to obtaining my rights, whatever they may be."

"But what connexion has the old woman at the park-gate with all this?"

"What!—why, I fancy that she is the writer of the note, and the one about to meet me. It may be a delusion; but connecting her agitation with a receipt of a letter from a woman, I cannot come to any other conclusion—but now, farewell—I must go, or your absence from the hall will be marked—we may soon meet in happier times," and with these words, he once more pressed the maiden to his bosom, and as instantly tearing himself away, sprang over the enclosure, and was heard the next instant cantering along the road.

The maiden stood on the spot where he had left her, until the last sound of his horse's hoofs had died in the distance, when, heaving a deep sigh, she turned, and following a narrow path for about a hundred yards, entered the wide avenue that led through the park up to the door of Reverdy Hall, the seat of her father Sir James Reverdy.

In a rich old gothic apartment, through whose stained window the light fell with a soft mellow hue, sat a man, elegantly attired, on the evening we have introduced the two lovers to our readers. A table was before him at which he had been writing. The lines of care were stamped on his brow; his features were sharp and thin; his hair was white with age; and his hand trembled as he held the pen. He was evidently in the decline of a life, spent in alternate scheming and pleasure. Suddenly a knock was heard at the door, and his valet half entered the apartment.

"The man has come, my lord," said he enquiringly.

"Show him up," was the response.

The valet disappeared, and in a few minutes the door was cautiously opened, and an individual stole into the room with a quiet, cat-like pace, and stood before the earl. His air was coarse, brutal, yet insidious, making one shrink involuntarily as from a viper. The nobleman looked up.

"Is all ready?" said the earl.

"It is my lord, I have hired the three men, and the bigger will lay off and on all the evening for us."

The nobleman did not immediately answer, but placing his head on his hand, he seemed for some moments lost in thought. Suddenly raising his eyes to those of the stranger, he said,

"And yourself—where will you go?"

"The bargain was, I believe," said the man coolly, and with somewhat of an air of impudence, "that I should reside abroad on the continent, binding myself that I should never re-visit England, or breathe a word about this business to any one—was it not?" the nobleman impatiently nodded assent, "and for this I was to have three hundred a year. I intend to keep my part of the contract, and I imagine you'll keep your part too, ha, ha," and the man laughed familiarly.

"Enough of this," said the earl, haughtily interrupting him, "we understand each other. All I wish to know is whether your plans are so well laid that they cannot fail. Are they?"

"They are,—shall I tell your lordship?"

"No, no," replied the proud nobleman, wishing to break off the seeming confidence between them, "go now,—I am satisfied—and here, let that urge you to double assiduity,—when he is safe, you shall have the rest."

The man took the well filled purse, made a clumsy bow, and seeing that his interview was over, departed with the same stealthy pace with which he came. The earl gazed at the door through which he vanished, until the sound of his footsteps had died in the distance, and then flinging himself back in his luxurious chair, he covered his eyes with his hand.

"Caught in my own trap," he said, half aloud, as if musing to himself, "and forced to resort to this gipsy to get me out of it. Well, it is no new confidence given any how; for he knows the whole business from its origin. He has only grown more rapacious—that is all. Three hundred a year though, what is that to this broad earldom? *He*, who has turned up just at this moment so cursedly unfortunate, would gladly give ten times the sum to have his rights. But he never will. To-morrow will remove him from my path; and with him goes all danger of detection," and for an instant he paused.

"A strange life has been mine," said the earl, as if thinking aloud. "Born of a noble house, without more than a competence, but with the most ardent passions, I naturally envied my more fortunate cousin, and repined at fate for her unkindness.—Suddenly, by a train of happy circumstances I saw the possession of his title and estates, almost within my grasp; for he died, but a month after his lady, leaving no children, except a little boy, scarcely two years old. No one now stood between me and the realization of every earthly wish, but this whining baby. I did not pause. He was yet too young to feel or know aught connected with his elevated fortune, and his removal would do him, therefore, no injury. Besides had not the estates better be in hands capable of making their revenue useful by keeping it in circulation, than remain locked up during a long minority only to make one man eventually inordinately rich. I determined on my course, won over the nurse by first seducing her, and then hired this gipsy to make way with him. He said he did so, at the time; but I learned in a few years he had deceived me. I lost sight of the heir for nearly twenty years, but here he is now suddenly turned up, to cross my path, and perhaps learn his rights. The gipsy swears to his identity, and is villain enough to betray me, if I had not bought him over. But the nurse, what is to be done with her? How fortunate it is that her conversation was overheard by this Bohemian villain. She is old now, and forgetting my bounty to her, would betray me. Her meeting is doubtless to acquaint him with his rights. But it shall not be. I would fain have saved her," he continued, "but she has brought on her own ruin. She too must be shipped off, and when once on the open sea, why God defend them. An earldom is not every day in the balance—why should we hesitate as to means?"

Thus reasoned this crafty and scheming nobleman, striving to hide from himself by his sophistry, the crimes he meditated. Those dark communings with himself, however, revealed the history of his life.

"Well," he at length resumed, after pacing the apartment some time in silence, as if thoughts too deep for words were crowding in his bosom, "to-morrow the game will be up; and I shall either be safe for the rest of this life, or," he paused again, "*he* will have won all. But why these forebodings," he added, "it did not use to be so when I was young. Ah! I forgot, I am growing old, my hand trembles, my hair is gray, pleasure no longer yields me a recompense. And thus the body acts upon the mind, and both grow weak together.—Faugh! then on my idle fancies. I have nothing to fear from the result. I shall sleep to-morrow, quietly, but my enemy," and pausing a moment, he added, sternly, "he will sleep the sleep of death."

And with these words he rang the bell, and was preceded by his valet to his gorgeous chamber.

Herbert Woodruff—for that was the name of the young stranger—woke the next morning after many a dream of happiness, in which Isabel Reverdy, always bore a prominent part. He would have had no excuse, however, after the conversation of the last evening, to detain him at the humble inn, where he had slept, if the message he had received and the accompanying agitation of the old woman at the park-gate, had not filled him with the hope of learning something of his real history—a hope, vague it is true, but one which the hitherto impenetrable darkness which had shrouded his early life exalted into momentary importance. Still, however, he hesitated whether to give the woman the meeting she asked for, or return at once to his regiment. He had no enemy in the place; he knew in fact, no one; and it could not therefore be a plan to waylay him. Equally improbable was it that the old woman wished to lure him into the haunts of a gang of robbers. At any rate he could provide himself against any such surprise by concealing some weapons under his ample shooting jacket. Weighing these thoughts in his mind, and impelled by a secret conviction that he should learn something of his early life he mounted his horse, as the twilight approached, and set out to the rendezvous.

The evening was fast closing in, and he had just passed the last enclosure, separating the more cultivated country from an open glade of the forest, when a rustling was heard upon the dry stalks of the neighboring walk, a bark of a dog followed, and the gipsy girl whom he had met the night before, stood suddenly before him, while her noisy companion showed his dislike of the stranger and his horse by his unintermitted yelping.

"Down—down," said that same sweet voice, and the dog was silent at once, though he still kept a suspicious eye upon the young man.

The appearance of the gipsy girl had been so sudden that for a moment the officer did not speak; but checking his horse involuntarily, he gazed at the beautiful being before him in silence. And well might such loveliness arrest his eye. Beautiful as she had seemed the night previous, there was something in the hour, and the scenery around, which made her doubly so, and gave to her countenance a sibyl-like expression, such as is seen only in dreams, and which has never been transferred to the canvass of the painter unless in that celebrated head of the prophetess, in the Vatican. The dark lustrous eyes; the archest nose; the grecian mouth and chin; the long, raven hair escaping from beneath the characteristic head dress of her race, formed a picture we shall not attempt to describe. The young officer we have said, gazed on it in silent admiration. She was the first to speak, and a deep blush mantled on her cheek as she asked.

"Shall I tell your fortune, good sir?" The young man, as if under the influence of a spell, mechanically held out his hand, though at any other time, or to another person, he would have perhaps refused it.

"I see here," said the gipsy girl, perusing attentively the lines drawn across the palm of his hand, and affecting the tone of prophecy, used by her race on such occasions, "much that is good and much that is ill. But above all I see a great crisis hanging over you," and suddenly lifting her eyes to his face, she added, "you will be in danger to-night—take care!"

"Ha!" said the young officer, thrown momentarily off his guard, by a prediction so much in unison with some of his own thoughts during that day, "ha! how know you that?"

"Our art is mysterious," said the girl, in the same tone, "and who shall tell its hidden secrets! Enough to know you are in great danger: if you are wise you will turn back."

"How know you where I am going?" asked the young man, still more surprised than before.

"How know I! How do the stars know—how does this line say—how speaks your own horoscope?"

"Away with such folly," said the young man, beginning to suspect that the object of the gipsy girl was, after all, only to arouse his curiosity, and obtain a richer largesse for her prophecies. "I am not to be gulled by words like these—here is your money," and he held out a half-a-crown, and would have passed on. But the gipsy girl let the silver fall indignantly to the ground, and laying her hand upon his arm, while a large tear-drop glistened in her dark eye, she said,

"You must—you must indeed listen to me—turn back," and her voice trembled with agitation as she spoke. The young officer could not withstand the look of entreaty in those dark, swimming eyes, and ashamed of his momentary rudeness, he dropped his gaze to the ground.

"Promise me," said the gipsy girl again, in a still more agitated voice, "you did me a service last night—listen to my warning now. Go not to this meeting."

"Meeting!" suddenly ejaculated the young man.

"Yes—but hark!—there are footsteps approaching," suddenly said the girl, as the crackling of the dry twigs in the woodland path announced the neighborhood of a third party, and lifting her finger warningly, she had but time to gain a clump of trees, before the intruder appeared, in the shape of an old, coarse, gipsy woman, coming from an encampment, which the young man now saw, as he emerged into a little glade of the forest, some short distance on the right. A couple of men were lounging by a pot over a fire, while a low hut stood in the rear.

"Good even—my young squire—shall I tell your fortune for you?" said the old crone, as she appeared, dressed in her tattered red cloak, emerging into the light.

The young man shook his head, and giving his horse the rein, dashed on. As he turned to look back, after going a few paces, he fancied he saw, through the dim twilight, the form of the gipsy girl, concealed from her companion's observation by some low bushes. Her finger was held ominously up. In another instant a turn in the road hid her from his sight.

The thoughts of the young officer were strange and perplexed, as he pursued his way through the now darkening forest. He would have banished the warning of the gipsy girl wholly from his mind under ordinary circumstances, but there was an earnestness, an air of truth in her manner that carried conviction at once to his mind. But by what means did she become aware of the danger threatening him, and in what shape was that danger to appear? Was it not most probable that a plan had been laid by the gipsys to waylay and rob him in the Wizard Glen, that it had been overheard by the gipsy girl, and that gratitude toward him had induced her to reveal it. But then how could these gipsys know any thing of an almost perfect stranger, so as to promise to reveal facts for the knowledge of which he would willingly sacrifice his whole fortune? Besides he could not persuade himself that the agitation of the old woman at the park-gate had no connexion with the note he had received. With these perplexing thoughts his mind was occupied until, by the faint light of the few stars yet out in the sky overhead, he perceived that he had unconsciously approached the entrance to the Wizard Glen. Chance often, in moments of doubt, carries the day against both sides; and so it was at present. Having reached the place of meeting appointed by his unknown correspondent, the young officer determined to remain at every risk, and behold the termination of what promised to be an adventure. Neglecting, however, no precaution, he tied his horse in a neighboring copse, examined his arms, and placing himself behind a huge oak, waited in its gloomy shadow for the arrival of his correspondent.

More than half an hour elapsed, and as no one came, the young officer began to grow impatient, when suddenly a form emerged from the obscurity of a neighboring clump of trees, and gazed anxiously around. The intruder was a woman, and one tottering with age. A single glance convinced the officer that his suspicions were right, and that the singular being at the park-gate stood before him. He did not hesitate therefore at once to advance.

"You are come," said his companion, in an agitated voice, as soon as she became aware of his presence—"but you know not to whom. Had any one told you of the injury I have done you, instead of being here, you would have remained away to curse me. But this is idle—let me look into your face."

"My good woman," said the young officer, speaking for the first time, "why this agitation? What injury could you have done to me, a stranger, and one whom you never saw before? What—"

"Oh! speak not so," said the woman, interrupting him, "you look so like your sainted mother—"

"My mother—what know you of her—speak—for heaven's sake!" said the young man, becoming as agitated as his companion.

"Oh, much, much—much that would make my heart bleed to tell—only that justice requires that it should be done—but why delay—listen—you are the rightful Earl of Stanforth."

"I—I," stammered the young officer.

"Yes—but listen," and with these words she unfolded a story which had lain long hidden in her breast.

She had been the nurse in the family of the last Earl of Stanforth, and, after the deaths of both himself and his lady, had possessed the almost sole charge of the young heir, then a child scarcely eighteen months of age. There was a cousin of the late earl, with whom she had become acquainted, and who, by dazzling her vain imagination with promises of unbounded wealth, had succeeded in seducing her. Through mingled affection for her betrayer, and love of the splendor, he promised her in case of success, she had been induced to take the child out almost unprotected into the park, where he was one day seized and carried off. As she had been instructed, when called upon by the authorities to give such evidence as would lead to the detection of the way-layers, she declared that, in the scuffle which ensued between her and the men for the possession of the young heir, he was killed by a stab from one of the men, and that then, and not till then, did she cease resistance. Her testimony was believed, and her lover became the Earl of Stanforth.

We will not detail the subsequent events of her life. It was like that of every one who begins a career of crime. Twenty years found her prematurely old, living on the scanty bounty of one who had once vowed never to forget her. A life of guilt had almost seared her heart; but the cold neglect of the earl, and the scanty pittance allowed her had long soured her feelings. The sight of the young officer, reminding her forcibly of her first master, had woke up within her the springs of remorse. She made such few hasty enquiries as she dared, and learnt the name under which he passed. His servant, too, had inadvertantly betrayed the secret of his master's uncertain birth. But above all she had watched him unobserved the morning she sent the note appointing the meeting, and from a scar upon his ear, which he had received from a fall in early infancy, she felt that the young officer and her former charge was one. She ended by imploring his forgiveness.

Words cannot paint the feelings of the young man during this tale. Here was his birth at once made known. The testimony was convincing. His brain reeled as he asked, when she had concluded,

"But does any one else know of this?"

The woman was about to answer when the eye of the young officer fell upon the shadow of a man at her feet, and turning hastily around he saw four men, dressed in the garb of sailors, emerging from the underwood behind, and each brandishing a cutlass. The gipsy's warning at once flashed upon him; but even yet, as his steed was nigh, escape might have been possible, had it not been for his companion. He knew too, the weight of the information she had just imparted to him, and for an instant he paused uncertain how to act.

"The man—this way—Jim, the woman, one of you is enough for that," shouted the gruff voice of the leader, and with the word he rushed toward the young officer.

"Stand off!" said he, drawing a pistol from his bosom, "another step and you are dead."

The man eyed him an instant with his dark, glowing eye, and then sprang upon him with the ferocity of a tiger.

"God have mercy on you," ejaculated the young officer as he fired; and springing, like a deer into the air, the ruffian fell dead upon the ground.

"D—n it," muttered another of the group, who had hung back hitherto, "he has killed Benj. let us revenge him—come on."

The two men sprang forward at the instant, and one of them fired a pistol that disabled the left arm of the young officer. With his back planted against a huge tree, he prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. He doubted not but the ruffians before him had been instigated to his murder by those interested in silencing his claims to his birth-right; and though he had as yet heard only the bare assertion of it that night from his companion, yet a thousand circumstances in corroboration of it, even in that stirring moment flashed across the mind. The old hall—the dim half remembered scenery—and a faint recollection of having once borne the name of Stanforth rushed over his memory as he waited the onset of the two brutal ruffians. He had but his sword arm which he could use, but he determined to sell his life dearly. The third man, too, having secured the woman, was hastening to join in the attack. Already several passes had been exchanged between him and his assailants; and the loss of blood was momentarily weakening him more, when the gallop of a horse was heard through the forest—it drew nearer and nearer—the ruffi-

passed to listen—and the next minute an armed force of armed strangers had taken possession of their house, and, springing from their steeds and seizing their arms, had made prisoners of them before the young officer had recovered from his surprise sufficiently to muster forces of his own to assert his dishonored position at his own quarters.

"Where is my host?" was the exclamation addressed to the officer in command, whose rich uniform betokened him to be of the rank of a major.

"Here, Woodruff—it is a long story—but as we were marching by—a party pulled me on the road, and told me of a friend's peril near this. I must leave here on a hard gallop. I did not hesitate for knowing you were a gentleman; accordingly, I picked out a half a score of your own men, and here I am; and you may thank the god's beauty for having come. Faith! so soon to be married, and your name! I saw here it was—but" he continued, his eye happening, for the first time, on the young lady—"but—whom have we here?"

In a few hurried words Woodruff explained all to the astonished major.

"But we must leave in person!—she must away to it before a magistrate within an hour—here," said he, addressing one of the dragoons; "put this woman mounted as well as you may behind one of yours—look to my faith, where is the third villain you have—has he escaped?"

It was indeed so. During the first confusion of the attack the fellow had pinioned the woman, and had made his escape unnoticed. Nothing was now left therefore but to hasten from the ground.

The story of the woman was reduced to writing by the magistrate, and regularly sworn to. At present point was to substantiate her account by other evidence; if possible, the responsible the officers of Woodruff's regiment, which had now arrived, crowded around both to offer their congratulations. Suddenly, however, a man on horseback dashed up to the justice's door, and rushed breathlessly into his room.

"The East of Stamford—the Earl of Stamford," was his agitated announcement.

"But what of him?" said the magistrate advancing.

"He is dead."

"Dead!" said the group, recoiling, "but how did he die?"

"He shot himself through the head," said the man, "and they've sent me to you to come up to examine."

It appeared from subsequent developments that the fugitive from the Wizard's Glen had been no other than the gipsy, whom we have introduced as being the agent of the earl in resorting the young heir from his path. He had engaged a party of smugglers to assist him, and it was their leader whom Woodruff had killed. The gipsy had returned back to the castle to inform the nobleman of their failure; and that all had been discovered.—The remainder of the story, the meeting of the two, and the tragedy mind of the earl, had led him to commit suicide.

Our tale is done. The gipsy, in attempting to make his escape, was caught, and subsequently substantiated the evidence of the mother. The young heir, thus identified, took possession of the estates without opposition.

The gipsy girl was seen no more. How she obtained admittance of the remains of her father to the native ground, but it is supposed that by some means she contributed to the escape of the gipsy with the smuggler, as it was known to have taken place in their encampment. Her father was buried by the side of the earl's death, and the the variety on the night of the earl's death, and the inquiries of the young heir were without avail. About two months after, however, he returned to the ruined castle from a ragged little boy, who instantly disappeared. It was short, and red that—

"I shall never see you more. I could not do so and be happy, for they tell me that you are about to be married to a fair lady of your own race. May you be happy. The greatest pleasure in this wretched world is in thinking I have saved your life."

"Poor girl," said the young earl, handing the letter to his young countess, when all our readers will recognize as Isabel Kennedy, "we owe Donald every thing—I would she could be found."

"And so do I, Herbert, for alas! she is unhappy—poor girl!"

We drop the curtain. Years of unalloyed felicity passed over the earl, and his still beautiful bride, and they never heard again of the gipsy girl.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us by the first of July, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears.—We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by last fall arrears. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a fair start together with one shall first come in on the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

An Apology.

We owe our readers an apology for the appearance of the Post this week. An error was committed by the manufacturers in regard to the size of the paper, and was not discovered until we went to press, when it was too late to correct it.

The Extra Session of Congress.

Much dissatisfaction seems to prevail at the prospect of a prolonged session of Congress. More than a month has been spent, and but little, if any thing has been done. The time in the latter home appears to be devoted to empty brawling, with no regard to the amount of money which is thus senselessly frittered away. There appears to be a growing desire for long sessions, and each member appears to be willing to contribute his share in giving a result to dissipation. We agree with a writer in one of the daily papers, who says that whatever is desired to be done should be noted by a caucus, and if which every party desires to be heard a treasure, and if it cannot be done, it should be abandoned at once, and the country would thus be saved much money, and the members much trouble.

There appears, however, to be a thorough splitting up of parties, and but little union among the Republican section. The plan, which it seemed desirable to further have not met with the cordial and unanimous support which was expected, and without any majority of power; the party leaders are driving along without much aim. Not much regard, it is true, is to be paid to rumors from Washington, but the indications are strong that there is a difference of opinion between the President and Mr. Clay, as to the Bank of the United States which shall be established. The former is supposed to favor the project of Mr. Ewing, and the latter supports the more generally the amendments introduced by Mr. Clay. On the other hand, the opposition moves in solid column against the measure, watching and fostering every sign of dissension on the part of the friends of the National Bank.

The Congressional news will sufficiently explain the cause of discontent, and will show, that Messrs. Rives and Preston are in direct opposition to Mr. Clay, and that nothing but a compromise can enable them to carry through successfully the measures which they deem of advantage to the government and the people. We have watched the debates of the session pretty closely, and to our mind, the business for which Congress was convened, has not progressed in the least degree. There have been speechifications and exhibitions of all kinds, but have there been any thing brought forward which a majority will sanction, and the President approve? If so, we confess at all understand the views of each other! We think not.

There appears to be rather a desire to make political capital by both sides of the political parties represented on the floors of Congress than a wish to serve the people. The object whether the plans advocated and opposed be upon our side or the other of the great question which agitate the political world, they should be treated and discussed in a manner cautious and forbearing, and on all good faith, and if good, should be supported, and if injurious to the country, or considered to be the spirit of its Constitution should be unhesitatingly rejected. These considerations Congress is to decide, and all trifling and bickering upon questions considered of no secondary importance, should be discarded, and such an eye to the prosperity of the country and the discharging of its duties, the representatives of the people *shall* toil late, and think and act sure.

Celebrations.

The 65th of July was very generally observed in this city, in honor of the anniversary of our National Independence. The day was unusually fine. The prominent feature of the day was the celebration of the Sabbath-school scholars of the city and county. A large number, and a majority being adults, met at the Franklin Square in the morning, and after they had assembled and up their line of march in three grand divisions, under the direction of Marshals, or lieutenants, and committee assistants, with several bands of music, and each county and association displaying a banner. There were about twenty societies, and more an aggregate in the procession of over seven hundred persons. After proceeding through C. road in the city, the procession went over Schuylkill to the woodlands at Penn Square, where addresses were made by Messrs. Atwood and Burroughs, with other exercises. The company partook of refreshments provided on the ground, but spent a delightful day, returning into the city about six o'clock.

A number of Youths' and Sabbath School Temperance societies assembled in the morning at their halls, hundred children, and marched to the Hall, and thence through a few of our streets, then to the Rev. Mr. Chambers' Church, in Broad street, where they were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Phillips. They then proceeded by cars to the Tabernacle in Kensington, and were addressed by the Rev. Mr. Wyncoop.

In a few hurried words Woodruff explained all to the astonished major.

In the latter place a most interesting procession was kept and truly engaging. A large number of societies were present with beautiful banners, each member wearing a temperance pin. The route was a part of the city. It is computed that near three thousand persons were in the procession. This body, after passing through a number of streets, proceeded to the Philadelphia Museum, where the Declaration of Independence was read by Alderman Thomas, and an oration by the Rev. Dr. Mattaty, together with other exercises of a very interesting character.

The Repeal Association.

This Association celebrated the anniversary of our National Independence in a spirited manner. At noon they met in great numbers in Independence Square, and after electing about one hundred vice presidents, and after Judge Darrah had concluded reading letters from the Hon. Henry Clay, Hon. Tomlinson Repeal Associations and from William Dennison, Esq. of New York, the procession was formed in the following order, under the volunteer companies of the Hibernia Greens, Lieutenant commanding Frederick Mullen, the Montgomery Hibernians, Captain Gallagher, the Jackson Guards, Captain Johnsmen, a new military company not yet uniformed. Then followed a butcher's cart with about Judge Darrah and John Binns, both members of the Hall committee, the New York delegation, and a third in which were the Philadelphia Repealers on parade, the Lancaster Repeal Association, with a very handsome banner; they moved about forty-five men strong, and were under the direction of Colonel Smith of Lancaster. Then followed the Philadelphia Repeal Association; they were divided into four hundred and sixty-five sections, each containing four men, making the whole number of Philadelphia Repealers on parade, eighteen hundred and sixty; they arrived at the hall about Thaddeus at about half past 4 o'clock, the exact of which, it appeared, had been entirely devoted to the Repeal cause. The hall was filled by the members and others attending the Association, but it was too small to accommodate one half of them. Immediately upon the arrival of the Association, the President left the seat upon an elevated platform on the stage, Judge Conrad being on his right, and Alderman Binns on his left. He took a seat, and was followed by the Hon. Mr. Ingersoll, by Alderman Binns, who read the Declaration of Independence. Judge Conrad then addressed with all a beautiful production it was. His subject was the wrongs of Ireland, the injustice of England, and the duty of Americans to sympathize in the oppressions of a people—particularly the Irish—struggling to be free. The orator was repeatedly cheered. At the request of Judge Darrah, the Rev. Dr. Mowry addressed the meeting in a most eloquent appeal for repeal; he was also enthusiastically applauded. Four of the toasts were proposed by Judge Conrad, Alderman Binns, the Hardings, New York, Washington, Lancaster and Baltimore Repeal Associations, and the Association then adjourned again on next Monday evening, in the room of the District Court. By the way, we omitted to mention that the "enthusiasm" in one of the barrooms were exiled fresh patriots of '76.

Political Celebration.—The Democratic party of the city and county of Philadelphia met at Washington in the State House Yard, at which Henry Horn presided. Thomas B. Florence read the Declaration of Independence, by Mr. F. A. Fitzner. The oration, the particular feature in the celebration, was pronounced by Mr. Jacob R. Eckert, in the Assembly Room.

The Democratic Republicans assembled with all the spirit of the occasion, and the Democratic Republicans assembled with all the spirit of the occasion, and the Democratic Republicans assembled with all the spirit of the occasion, and the

SATURDAY POST.

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☞ JOHN H. THOMPSON, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical, will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. JAMES is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

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The Money Market.

Money is easy in Philadelphia, as the demand is limited, and good business paper scarce. Those, says Bicknell's Reporter, who look beyond the surface, fancy that they can discover cheering indications as relates to the fall trade, and especially should a National Bank go into operation. Much doubt, however, continues to exist as to the complete success of this measure during the extra Session. We have all sorts of rumors from Washington. It is confidently asserted in some quarters, that Mr. Clay's Bill establishing branches without the consent of the States, will be rejected either by the Senate or the House—or, if not rejected, will be vetoed by the President.—On the other hand, it is affirmed that, should a Bank Bill pass without the power to establish branches in the States, the Stock would never be taken. Capitalists, it is argued, will not invest their money in the hope of obtaining seven per cent. per annum, should the prospect be overclouded by contentions in the States, as to branches, to say nothing of an effort on the part of those opposed to Banks, to accomplish a repeal of the Charter. We say a repeal, because such a measure has already been threatened on the floor of Congress. With this view of the case, the prospect of a successful National Bank cannot be regarded as very favorable. Much prejudice exists against such an Institution, as well on political grounds, as because of the miserable policy which plunged the United States Bank of Pennsylvania into such disgrace and ruin, and involved the injury of so many widows, orphans, and other individuals. Mr. Clay and his friends are anxious to establish branches in the States without asking the consent of said States, and Messrs. Preston, Rives and other Senators, argue the propriety and policy of first obtaining the consent of the States. It is probable that this difficulty will be reconciled or compromised. If so, a Bank Bill will no doubt become a law.

On Saturday last, the writ which was issued some weeks ago, at the suit of the Bank of the United States, against Nicholas Biddle, was delivered to the Sheriff and served. It was the last day at which it could be served to be made returnable to the present term of the Court. It has been intimated that the delay observed in withholding the writ was to afford the defendant every opportunity to furnish an account of the immense sums of money abstracted from the vaults of the Bank, and thus obviate the necessity for its service. Mr. Rawle is the attorney in the case, and it is said will prosecute the suit to judgment as rapidly as the rules of law will allow, if he is not interfered with by the directors, a part of whom, it is said, have not wholly forsaken the late President of the Bank. With these individuals to retard the suit, probably but little will be effectually done in the matter until after January next, when the stockholders will have an opportunity to elect a new board of directors.

BANK OF GERMANTOWN.—This institution has already issued her notes, under the late act of Assembly, of the denomination of 1, 2, and 5 dollars. They are very appropriately designed and handsomely engraved, and when once generally in circulation will no doubt prove a very great convenience to the public.

We learn that the Banks accepting the Revenue Bill pay a large proportion of the loan they are bound to subscribe under the Revenue Act, in their notes on demand; and reserve the state Certificates for their own use. Also, that the non-accepting Banks have been, or will be called upon to loan the State, under the Act of 1824, several hundred thousand dollars, and it is believed that the money will be demanded in coin.

No change in the condition of the Philadelphia Banks, or in the character of our circulation. Small notes are somewhat more abundant, and pass with great readiness. The non-accepting Banks in most cases, receive and pay them out in small quantities, but do not desire to be considered as having determined upon this policy as a permanent measure. They will be governed by circumstances.

Counterfeit five dollar notes of the Tradesmen's Bank of the city of New York, are in circulation, and, though poorly executed, require some vigilance to detect them. They are on inferior paper, and are dated Sept. 1, 1840. W. H. Falls, Cashier; Preserved Fish, President. On the right hand margin is a full length likeness of Lafayette, and on the left a vignette representing Commerce. Look out for them!

COUNTERFEIT COIN.—It is a fact not generally known in our city, says the New York Sun, that of the five and ten cent pieces, of the new coinage, that are in circulation, about one-eighth are counterfeits. They are made of a good quality of German silver, which costs very little in comparison with the genuine article, and can easily be detected by observing that the thirteen stars that should be on all American coins, are omitted. When new they are precisely the color of the genuine pieces, but have more the appearance of being bad after being worn a short time.

The Moyamensing Bank has been sued for not redeeming its notes according to the provisions of the new Relief Bill. The amount of the demand was $7,00, and the counsel of the Bank expressed an anxiety to meet the question of the constitutionality of the law, with as little delay as possible. The matter will be decided in the course of a few days.

The Frederick county (Md.) Bank has given "notice that having recovered the whole of *its own issues*, stolen from its vaults on the 22d of May last, with the exception of $1,542, with all the States Banks, certificates and private checks taken at the same time, it *has this day resumed banking operations*. Its own notes will hereafter be received for all debts due the bank, and will be paid out at the counter as usual."

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			Price sold for.
1010	shares	United States Bank,	18½a18¾
128	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	35½a36½
180	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	5½
29	do.	Girard Bank,	27a27¼
40	do.	Commercial Bank, Cincin.	87
24	do.	Reading R. R.	25
15	do.	Mechanics Bank,	26½
14	do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	51a51¼
13	do.	Commercial Bank,	43
5	do.	Penn Township Bank,	43½

Important.

The British Steam Navigation Company will soon have all the trading, by means of steam vessels, in their own hands. New York and Boston they have already, and we see by the New Orleans papers, that a line is to be established in that city. The Advertiser says, the Chamber of Commerce met to receive the proposition of the new Royal Steam Navigation Company for touching with their boats at New Orleans, and it was determined to ask Congress to place them on the most favored footing, &c.

This steam ship company have boats of fifteen hundred tons burthen in their line, at a cost of four millions of dollars. They receive twelve hundred thousand dollars a year from the British government, for carrying the mail. The line will commence on the first of October, and by it, we shall be in the direct receipt of news from England, every twenty-two days.

The routes are thus laid down.

No. 1. London to Havana by way of Corunna, Funchal, Barbadoes and Nassau. Returning, Havana to London by way of Barbadoes.

No. 2. On the arrival of the London boat at Havana, the steamer will leave for Honduras, Vera Cruz, Tampico, New Orleans, Havana. Another will leave same time for New Orleans direct, thence to Tampico, Vera Cruz, Honduras, Havana.

No. 3. Halifax to Havana, by way of New York and back.

No. 4. Barbadoes, leeward islands, Jamaica and back.

Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, JULY 1, 1841.

SENATE.—A long discussion ensued between Mr. Rives, Mr. Clay, Preston, &c. Mr. Rives came out in a long speech, and "defined his position." He did not like the bill as amended by Mr. Clay, but would rather have the maiden plan as it came fresh from the hands of Mr. Secretary Ewing.

Mr. Benton offerered a resolution calling for the reasons for the removal of certain Western officers. He was induced to offer the resolution in consequence of the declaration made by the Senator from North Carolina (Mr. Mangum,) that every one might know the reason for the removals when it was desired.

Mr. Mangum said he was not in a position to answer for any one, but he had every confidence that the Administration would carry out the principles of Mr. Crittenden's bill.

A report was received from the Treasury Department, correcting an error in the statement of receipts, formerly transmitted by the Department, which was ordered to be printed.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the resolution offered by Mr. Buchanan, calling for a list of removals from office—the question being on the motion of Mr. Mangum to amend by adding the list of removals from 1829 to 1841.

The morning hour having expired, the Senator was interrupted in his remarks.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the Bill to incorporate the subscribers to the Fiscal Bank of the United States.

Mr. Rives sumitted a motion to amend the bill by striking out the 16th fundamental article, and inserting a new article providing that offices of discount and deposit may be established in the several States, with the assent of the Legislature, or, in default of such assent, that the Bank may employ such agent or Bank as may be sanctioned by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The principal point of difference from the bill as reported was in requiring the assent of the States to the introduction of all offices of discount and deposit. The State Banks he regarded as the legitimate republican system in the absence of a Bank. But he found that this his favorite *succedaneum* for a Bank was opposed on both sides of the Senate.

HOUSE.—The Speaker presented a message from the President of the United States, accompanying a memorial praying for an enactment of a general Bankrupt Law, which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

He also presented additional papers in relation to the contested election in Virginia between Messrs. Banks and Smith; referred to the Committee on Elections.

Mr. McKeon asked when the Committee on the Judiciary would be able to make a report on the subject of a General Bankrupt Law.

Mr. Barnard, from the Committee, stated that they had the subject under consideration, and thought that they would be able to make a report so as to permit action on it by the House at the present session.

Mr. J. P. Kennedy presented a petition from citizens of Baltimore, praying for the enactment of a General Bankrupt Law. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

And the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, by a vote of yeas 106, nays 65.

The Committee then went into the consideration of the Bill distributing the proceeds of the Sales of the Public lands—Mr. Lawrence in the chair.

Mr. C. Brown commenced his remarks against the Bill.

During the sitting of the committee, a message was received from the President enclosing a correspondence between himself and Mrs. Harrison, which was ordered to be printed.

Also, one informing the House that he had signed the enrolled bill, entitled a bill for the relief of Mrs. Harrison.

WASHINGTON, July 2, 1841.

In the House of Representatives this morning, the consideration of the bill providing for a distribution of the proceeds from the sales of the public lands, was resumed in committe of the whole and continued till the adjournment.

Very important movements are taking place in the Senate in relation to the Fiscal Bank. Mr. Rives closed his speech by offering an amendment providing that no branch of the Bank shall be established in any State without the permission of such State.

Mr. Clay is violently opposed to the amendment, and contends that by adopting it, all the Whigs have been contending for during the last ten years, would be given up.

The amendment was advocated by Messrs. Preston, Choate, and others.

Mr. Archer made a long speech, in the course of which he intimated that the President would not sign the bill without the amendment.

It is said that Mr. Clay would be glad if the President should veto the bill, as then both will stand upon the question, Bank or no Bank, at the next election.

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1841.

In the Senate the Fiscal Agent scheme was up for consideration during the session, and Mr. Rive's amendment warmly discussed. Messrs. Clay and Choate indulged in some spirited personalities on the latter's speech yesterday, but became reconciled before the adjournment.

In the House the discussion of yesterday was continued without a termination. An attempt was made to adjourn over to Tuesday, but the House resolved that it would not keep Monday's holiday, and will meet this morning.

WASHINGTON, July 5th, 1841.

THE SENATE did not sit.

THE HOUSE met at 10, A. M., and went into committee, and resumed the consideration of the bill appropriating the proceeds of the public lands and granting pre-emption rights. The question was on the motion of Mr. Clifford to strike out the enacting clause.

Mr. Wise being entitled to the floor, hesitated as to whether he ought to proceed. Mr. W. opposed the bill on twelve points, viz:

1st. It is unequal, first, as between the new States themselves, and then as between the new States and the old.

2d. As a distribution of revenue from lands, it is unconstitutional, and a violation of the deed of cession.

3d. But it is a distribution of customs, and must necessarily be so, whilst there is a deficiency in the National Treasury, and whilst the present minimum price is perpetuated by the bill.

4th. It is fundamentally and necessarily a violation of the compromise act of 1832.

5th. It is a part and parcel of the protective system of duties.

6th. It extends the power of the General Government through the States to internal improvement, or to any other purpose.

7th. It alienates the Federal Government and States in being. Whilst

8th. It centralizes all power in the General Government, and humbles the States with a corruption patronage.

9th. It unconstitutionally pays the debts of the individual States, instead of paying the debts and providing for the general defence of the Union.

10th. It pays the debts of States in order to conceal from the eyes of the people the increase of taxation, substituting the means of Government for those of the States.

11. By substituting the increase of debts in all the States, to relieve the debtor States from State taxation, it necessarily makes the people of the non-debtor States partly pay the debts of the people of the debtor States for works created by the latter, for their sole benefit, and to compete with the works of the former

12th. It makes at once a political corruption fund for politicians to trade upon, and under the modest and virtuous presence of preventing "*political bidding*," it puts in the whole nation, in all its parts and its whole, in this first *political bid*.

After Mr. Wise had concluded, the floor was assigned to Mr. Rayner, when the committee immediately rose, and at a few minutes past one the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1841.

HOUSE.—Mr. Rayner being entitled to the floor, advocated the passage of the Distribution bill under consideration. He thought the question of the Public Lands ought to be settled at this Extra Session, as, unless it was settled, he believed that they would soon cease to be a source of revenue to any one.

Mr. Rhett followed in opposition to the bill, and Mr. R. had not concluded when the hour of seven arrived, being that prescribed by the resolution given above for proceeding to vote.

After some conversation, some of it of rather an excited character, the Committee proceeded to vote, the question being on the motion of Mr. Clifford to strike out the enacting clause of the bill—and the vote being taken, it stood ayes 104, nays 121.

So the motion to strike out the enacting clause of the bill was lost.

The Chairman declared the bill to be now open for amendment under the resolution adopted above, (but not for debate.)

A number of amendments were offered, but in such rapid succession, and amidst so much noise, that the effort to keep the run of them was useless.

At a quarter to ten o'clock, the committee rose, and reported the bill to the House.

The amendments were concurred in.

A motion by Mr. Weller to lay the bill on the table, by yeas 108, nays 119, was rejected.

At 11 o'clock, (under the operation of the previous question,) the bill, by yeas 116, nays 108, was passed.

A motion to reconsider the vote was made and rejected. The House then adjourned.

SENATE.—Mr. Smith of Indiana, presented a memorial in favor of a Bankrupt Law.

Mr. Sturgeon presented a petition of the Board of Trade of Philadelphia, concerning the location of the Bank.

Mr. Mangum, from the committee on Naval Affairs, moved that the committee be discharged from the further consideration of the correspondence from the Mediterranean Squadron.

Mr. M. stated that it was the opinion of the committee that there was no departure from propriety in the course of the American Minister at St. James's, in putting our squadron on the alert, especially as he had not put his opinions in the shape of an order. If any thing ought to be done in reference to this matter, it was within the province of this Department.

Mr. King expressed a hope that this matter would be referred, for the purpose of making a written report, which would not merely vindicate the action of our diplomatic agent, but make his conduct the subject of commendation.

Mr. Preston acquiesced in the propriety of the report, but he did not go the length of justifying a course which might lead to an irregular mode of acting in the body. He thought that our diplomatic agent had perhaps himself shared too much in the panic which had spread on the subject of hostilities. He knew nothing more than Commodore Hull knew from the papers—nothing more than we knew here—and we knew nothing to justify the expectation of war. Mr. P. said he was satisfied with every part of this affair, except the return of the Brandywine.

Mr. Mangum said the return of the Brandwine had been referred to the Department by the Committee. And the Department would act, perhaps had already acted, by removing the Captain of the Brandywine from his command. He regretted that he did not take precisely the view taken by the others in the committee. He thought that Commodore Hull had done his duty in the course which he had taken. Mr. Stevenson's course also he approved. The committee saw no reason for taking any action on the subject.

The committee were then discharged.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the bill to incorporate the subscribers to the Fiscal Bank of the U. States.

The question being on the amendment offered by Mr. Bayard to the amendment of Mr. Rives.

Mr. Berrien made some remarks.

Mr. Bates said he had no more doubt that Congress had power to establish branches in the States than he had of their power to establish light houses on any of the Capes.

Mr. White, of Indiana, asked the yeas and nays on the amendment of the Senator from Delaware, and the amendment of Mr. Bayard was decided in the negative, ayes 9, nays 37.

Mr. White of Indiana, regarded the amendment as professing to borrow power from one Corporation to bestow power on another. He considered the States as the mere organs of the people, and that the people as the true source of power were the only tribunal to decide where decision was required. He considered it more dangerous to adopt the amendment than it was a week ago, and he warned all Whigs against voting for it.

Mr. Walker then made a speech, in which he declared that he would never vote to impose a branch of the Bank on Mississippi. He was determined to keep himself free from this war of nullification, and he foresaw that if the bill should pass, there would be a new scene of nullification within less than 12 months, and in that case, what would become of the Anti-Bank party? He would himself consider the success of nullification as worse than the worst bank that could be created.

The question was then taken on Mr. Rives' amendment and decided in the negative, ayes 10, noes 38.

The Senate adjourned.

General News.

HOW TO KEEP A PRISONER.—The Boston Post relates the following mode of practice of the late Sampson Wood, once Sheriff of Middlesex county, Mass.:—

He often had to convey desperate prisoners from one part of the county to another, and when night came, he used to iron himself hand and foot to his prisoner, and go to bed, and address him thus:—"You can now go to sleep, if you like, or let it alone. For my part, I shall go to sleep. You can't get away without waking me up, and carrying me with you. You have got one arm and one leg free, and so have I. Yet you may make out to kill me, but if you do, you'll have to carry my carcase with you, and that will be proof enough to get you hanged for murder; so you see, I shall stick to you like death to a dead nigger, any way you can fix it. Good night." It is hardly necessary to say that with this queer measure of precaution, no prisoner attempted to escape from Sampson.

THE CROPS OF GEORGIA.—The Milledgeville Journal of the 29th ult. says:—"Appearances, a few weeks ago, were of the gloomiest character in relation to the crops. But, within a week or two, a great change has taken place. The rains that have fallen latterly in every direction, throughout the whole country, have materially improved the appearance of the corn crop, which promises now to yield an abundant harvest. Cotton, too, begins to look much better. We are informed that in Southwestern Georgia, the crop of cotton, from present appearances, will be a very large one. In middle Georgia, the farmers have not, generally, a good *stand*, but what they have begins to look very promising. Let but the seasons continue to be good, and that kind of *relief*, which alone can do our people and State any real good, will be, by a kind Providence, dealt out to them."

ACCIDENTS IN NEW YORK ON THE FIFTH OF JULY.—An accident occurred in the North River on Monday, which came near terminating seriously. A sail boat, containing a lady and her infant, and a couple of gentlemen, was struck by a sudden squall, and was upset. For some time the individuals were seen struggling for life in the water, before assistance could be rendered, while the exertions of the mother to save her little one were heart-rending and unparalleled. At length a steamboat arrived to the rescue, and all were taken safely on board. The lady was almost dead, but when dragged out of the water still clung to her child. The latter was taken down in the fire-room, and by proper means was restored to life. The mother was more readily recovered. It was a touching spectacle.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A letter received in this city from Piermont, N. H. dated June 23d, states that a melancholy accident occurred in Oxford a few days before.—As a number of men were raising the side of a frame for a barn, a Mr. Ellsworth was holding the foot of one of the posts, (the foot of the other was not held, there not being help enough,) when the frame was raised breast high, the post slipped and the whole fell. A beam struck Mr. Ellsworth on the top of his head, and killed him instantly. His brains flew twenty feet from the building. Another man had his thigh broken in two places, and several others were very badly hurt. Mr. Ellsworth was 30 years of age, and has left a wife and one child.

HYDROPHOBIA.—We understand that this fearful malady has appeared in Jersey, near Jersey City. Mr. Mills and others have been obliged to kill a number of highly prized dogs, which had been bitten by one of their species suffering with the disorder. All dogs running at large at this season should be fitted with a proper wire muzzle; they are then prevented from biting, while entire freedom to breathe and drink is still allowed. The ordinary leather muzzle, if effectual in preventing the animal from biting, must needs cause much suffering, and humanity as well as prudence, unite in favor of the wire. Muzzling or killing is the only alternative.

MAIL ROBBING.—Charles Lancaster, late Postmaster at Carrollton, Illinois, was recently tried at Springville, and convicted of purloining money from letters. He was sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

James McCabe, charged with having robbed the mail between Springfield and Shelbyville, plead guilty, and was sentenced to ten years imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary.

M. W. Andrews, of Paris, who was apprehended on suspicion of having robbed the mail, was released—no indictment having been found against him—the proofs not being sufficient to support the charge.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT AT HOLMESBURG.—On Monday, as a number of the National Blues of Holmesburg, who had been celebrating the day, were returning home in a wagon, a keg containing between two and three pounds of powder, exploded, severely injuring six of the volunteers, whose names are George Giverson, John Giverson, Samuel Smith, Charles Worthington, L. Barton, and George Griffith. Mr. George Giverson is so seriously burnt about the face, that his recovery is considered doubtful. The explosion was caused by a cigar, which he was smoking, accidentally falling into the powder.

THE BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN TEXAS AND THE UNITED STATES.—A few days since, Col. Kearney, of the engineers, expected to reach the terminus of the Texas line at Red river. Caddo parish, in Louisiana, loses two ranges of townships, inhabited by a population of great wealth and excellent character. The land is equal to any in Louisiana. This transference of a host of families from one government to another, must be unpleasant to Americans, but Col. Potter, in the Texas Congress, anticipating this event, got a bill passed securing to the owners all their lands.

A SEVERE HAIL STORM.—The editor of the Louisville Journal has seen a letter written from Fayette county, Ky., five miles from Lexington, describing a very severe hail storm which visited that section on Friday week. The writer says:—"The hail has well nigh destroyed our crops of corn, hemp, and oats; also our vegetables and fruits. We are just consulting what to do with our fields of hemp and corn. Some of us talk of sewing hemp, and planting corn between the rows. We feel very thankful that no lives were lost, and that we have houses left to live in."

IMPORTANT VERDICT.—The Augusta, Geo., Chronicle and Sentinel, of Tuesday says:—"The case of the heirs of Spann against the executors of John Fox, which has been pending in the Court of Equity in this city for the last four years, and which has occupied the court and jury for the last five days, was brought to a final decision yesterday. The jury, after being out 48 hours, returned a verdict for the plaintiffs for $103,733,04, not the least interesting feature of which is, that the defendants are abundantly able to respond."

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—The Richmond Star states that a man employed upon the roof of the Capitol, slipped, and for some time was dangling 80 feet from the ground, with no security but a grasp upon the gutter of the building! Ropes were soon procured, which he grasped and attempted to descend, but his strength failed, and he slipped, the rope cutting his hands to the very bone! He came, otherwise, safely to the ground. His position, for a time, was fearful indeed.

FIRES IN NEW YORK.—There were six fires in New York on Monday, though with one or two exceptions, the damage was trifling. The house of Alderman Purdy was slightly injured; the church in Prince, near Marion street, was a little damaged; the City Hall caught fire in the rear wing of the east end, under the roof. It is reported to have been set on fire, and two persons were arrested on suspicion by Justice Matsell.

THE NEW ORLEANS MINT.—The silver coinage at this establishment, from the 1st of November to the 1st of April, was 860,000 dimes, and 720,000 half dimes, amounting to $229,250. The coinage in the month of May was 215,000 dimes, and 190,000 half dimes, equal to $31,000. Since the 1st of May last, there have been coined 1,785,000 dimes and half dimes, of the value of $68,000.

THE ARMENIANS.—According to Dr. Malden, the Armenians in Egypt number about 2000. They follow commercial pursuits, and have no established quarters in Cairo or Alexandria. They live on good terms with the Turks, and their stalls in the bazaars are generally filled with the richest commodities, with furs, jewelry, rich dresses, amber mouth-pieces, &c.

AWFUL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.—A most horrible accident occurred last week in the county of Two Mountains, Lower Canada; a man while in a state of intoxication having fallen into a kettle of boiling potash, and been completely dissolved. Search was made for his body, but not the least particle of it could be found.

A FAMILY OF ROBBERS.—A man named John Figary, his wife and her father, have been arrested for robbing the store of E. Clark, Son & Co. at Oxford, Chenango county, of eleven hundred dollars. All the money but about fifty dollars was recovered from them.

RECAPTURE.—All the prisoners except one, who escaped from the penitentiary at Jefferson city, Mo. have been retaken. They were each armed with a hatchet, but did not like to show fight against their captors who were provided with rifles.

A SHARP THIEF.—A fellow calling himself Richard Scott, has been arrested in New Orleans, charged with stealing twenty-eight razors, from as many different persons.

GENERAL JACKSON was very ill on the 21st ult. with cramp cholic, which had greatly prostrated him. At the latest accounts he was improving.

TREASURY NOTES.—The aggregate amount of treasury notes outstanding on the 1st instant, was $9,345,695 13.

SOLEMN CAUTION TO PARENTS.—Three children of Mr. Lester Lewis, of Waterford, (Great Neck) were left at a neighbor's house on Sunday while the family attended meeting. The eldest child, a girl eight years old, was sent home to feed the silk worms, and as she did not return as expected some person was sent in search of her, who found the ill-fated little girl suspended by the neck from a window quite dead; her death having evidently been occasioned by the dropping of the window upon her neck. It appeared that finding the door fastened she succeeded in getting into the house through a window which was open, but not fastened up. Having procured a basket to gather leaves she attempted to get out, and had nearly succeeded, when the window dropped and produced the sudden and mournful result described.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The following is a list of Slavers captured by English vessels of war since the 3d of July, 1840, and taken into St. Helena for adjustment. "In July, 1840, the Andalusia, Doringa and Dictator, all captured by H. M. brig Brisk; also, the Maria Petta, captured by the Water Witch. None of these vessels had any slaves. December 15, 1840, the Julia, captured by the Water Witch, with 220 slaves. February 5, 1841, the Louisa, captured by the Brisk, with 343 slaves. In March, 1841, the Menisiana, with 280 slaves, the Minerva, with 325 slaves, and the Vito de Decembri with no slaves, all captured by the Brisk; also, the Douse d'Abriel, captured by the brig Persia, with no slaves. April 8, 1841, the Elio, with 380 slaves, captured by the Water Witch. Total, 11 slavers, and 1548 slaves.

MOUNT VERNON.—The Madisonian says, that this hallowed spot continues to attract multitudes of people, American citizens and foreign travellers, who visit it to pay their homage to the memory of Washington. The number of visiters each day is from forty to fifty, and those who are favored with suitable letters, are received with the utmost urbanity and kindness, by the very amiable and highly intelligent Mrs. J. E. Washington. A portion of the grounds are now bearing crops; the gardens continue to be cultivated and protected by the very gracious Phil Smith, a resident there of 40 years standing, and the buildings and lawns are still preserved as nearly as practicable in the state in which they were left by their immortal proprietor.

A CHURCH STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—The New York Courier states that during the thunder-gust at Worcester on Thursday, the Baptist church was struck by lightning, while the vestry of the church was filled with children, making arrangements for the approaching celebration of the 4th. About twenty of the children were struck down, most of them were burned, some seriously, but as by a miracle, no one was killed. One little girl had a comb melted by the fluid, yet she escaped with trifling injury. The lightning struck in two other places, but no damage was done. A person who was present represents it as the most terrific scene he ever witnessed.

WON'T STAND IT.—A meeting was recently held in Carroll county, Md. to take into consideration the propriety of resisting the law of the last Legislature authorising direct taxation. The resolutions adopted, it is said, declare the law to be unconstitutional, and go on to denounce every man who aids in laying, collects or paying the tax; all peaceable means are to be used to resist the law, and a fund is to be raised for the purpose of contesting it in the courts of the State.

MAMMOTH CAVE.—The proprietor of the Mammoth Cave, in Livingston county, Ky., has opened a house of entertainment in the cave, about a mile-and-a-half from its mouth.

City News.

IMPORTANT ARREST ON A CHARGE OF ARSON.—On Thursday week, officers Strine and A. Tully, of Southwark, arrested in the vicinity of Shippen and 5th streets, two individuals of notorious bad character by the names of Josiah Bright and John Richmond, on the charge of having set on fire the store of Messrs. Mulford & Alter on the morning of the 24th ult. They were on Friday week taken before the Mayor, and there charged upon the oaths of Hugh Boyd and John Norton, as being two of the persons who came out of the premises at the time it was on fire. Mr. Boyd, it appears, is employed in an adjoining store, and resides in the immediate vicinity. These officers have been on the look out for these men, and on the night they were arrested encountered them in Dandy Hall, in Plumb street near 4th, when Mr. Boyd, who was also on the look out for them recognised them both. After a hearing they were committed to take their trial at the General Sessions on a charge of arson and murder.

BEFORE THE RECORDER AND MAYOR.—Monday—William Simpson and Peter Groves, young men, were committed for attempting to commit a robbery on the night previous, by breaking off the lock of a blacksmith shop in Filbert street, between 8th and 9th.

Peter Berry, alias Jones, alias Vanpelt, was committed for passing a counterfeit five dollar note of the Tradesmans' Bank, New York, upon the keeper of the refectory at the corner of Third and Chesnut streets. Mr. Snyder, the keeper of the hotel in Race street below Third, sign of the King of Prussia, stated that Vanpelt—which is his right name—with another young man, took boarding at his house a week ago, in the name of Jones, and had left without paying his bill.

ANOTHER FIRE.—About one o'clock on Tuesday morning, the State House bell again gave the alarm. This time the fire raged with much fury in a two storied brick tenement No. 21 Dock street. The upper story was occupied by Mr. Joseph Balmew, as a cabinet maker's shop; the lower story was tenanted by John B Pickering, manufacturer of iron chests and scale beams. Mr. P. loses all by fire and water, and no insurance. The building was insured. The fire commenced in the cabinet maker's shop, which contained a large amount of finished work and materials, and which were all destroyed. This fire is believed to have resulted from incendiarism.

ROBBERY.—A boarding house in Harmony court was robbed on Thursday night week and again on Saturday night, of a quantity of specie belonging to one of the boarders, the money having been taken from his trunk, and the whole amount stolen being about eighty-two dollars. A young man was arrested on Monday morning, charged with the robbery, and committed by Alderman Christian. On Monday, also, a notorious pickpocket and burglar was arrested on a charge of a participation in the same robbery, and was committed by the Mayor for a further hearing.

THE PHILADELPHIA GAZETTE.—This old and well established paper has passed to the hands of Messrs. Russel, M'Carty & Co. by whom it will hereafter be published. The names that appear are sufficient evidence that it will be conducted with an upright, enterprising spirit. The editorial department is to be filled by Mr. Hoover, who is already known in connexion with the press, as a polished and vigorous writer. The marine department is to continue under the direction of Mr. Knorr, who has for the last twenty years so successfully performed its duties.

IRON PILLARS.—In some of the new stores going up about town, we notice the introduction of cast iron hollow pillars instead of granite or marble columns. They have the advantage of strength, security from fire, and occupying but little room. They certainly are the cheapest material, when durability and strength are considered. In a country so abundantly supplied with the raw material, and where it is reduced to any shape with such ease, its use in private and public edifices must soon become extensive in Pennsylvania.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—The schooner Runner, now lying at Catharine street wharf, and owned by Mr. John Rink, was anchored off Cohansey, and struck by lightning during the storm on the evening of Monday last. The electric fluid shattered the mainmast, and ran down and entered the main deck, ripping it open, and knocking the water casks about as if they cost nothing. The companion doors were burst open, and all the hands who had taken shelter in the cabin, were knocked down, but not much injured.

COLLISION ON THE DELAWARE.—As a steamboat having a large ship in tow, was coming up the river on Friday morning, she ran into the barque Columbia, from Londonderry, also coming up. The confusion on board the barque, which was filled with passengers, was excessive, and materially prevented the crew from working her off as soon as they might have done. The barque sustained pretty much all the injury. Her jibboom was carried away, as also part of her head and cut water.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS, a new military company, paraded on Monday for the first time. They were organized for the purpose of offering their services to the Government in case of a war with England, some time since, when the President was authorized to accept such patriotic volunteers. They are a fine set of men, and look as if they could do an enemy considerable damage in close contest. They have not yet adopted any other uniform than a cloth cap. Myles Tully is their captain.

COUNTERFEITS.—A man calling himself James Thorpe was charged on Wednesday before the Recorder by E. D. Pasey, with attempting to pass at the dry goods store at the corner of Fifth and Arch streets, on Monday afternoon, a $5 counterfeit note on the Tradesmen's Bank, New York. It appears that he tried it at several other places in the neighborhood. A man of his appearance passed one of the same kind of notes for a pair of shoes in the lower part of the city. He was committed.

ALTERED NOTES.—Mrs. Hobson, who keeps a fancy and stationery store in Chesnut street near Eighth, was cheated by an elderly man on Tuesday night, who passed upon her, for the payment of a small bill, a two dollar note of the Wilmington and Brandywine Bank, altered to a twenty. He had other notes with him of the same character, besides a quantity of Tide Water Canal money. Shopkeepers and others should be on the look-out.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. PATRICK.—The corner stone of this new place of worship in Schuylkill Third street, between Locust and Spruce streets, was laid on Sunday afternoon last. The ceremonies, which were of a highly interesting character, were conducted by Bishop Kenrick, assisted by several clergymen. Dr. Moriarty delivered the sermon.

LARGE TURTLE.—A sea turtle, weighing five hundred pounds, arrived in this city on Thursday week by the cars, and passed on to Washington, through Baltimore, the next morning. It was a present to President Tyler, from some friends in New York, and was served up for his 4th of July dinner.

Arrest.

The Nashville papers notice the arrest of Hiram Baker, a small dealer in groceries in that city, charged with being concerned in the robbery of the Union Bank of Tennessee, and other offences. One of the late officers in the Bank is now in prison. It appears that Baker was the agent in getting off the notes, and having passed some of them away, they were traced by the bank officers to Baker, who on being arrested, confessed his participation in the crime, and alledged that another grocer named H. H. Morgan and a T. D. Manville brought the money to him to get it off. The package stolen contained $18,500, and a portion of it has been recovered. The parties have all been committed.

Financial Record.

Dividends.

The following seasonable dividends have just been declared, and will prove very acceptable to the stockholders:

Pennsylvania Company for Insurances on Lives and Granting Annuities,	3 per ct.
Philadelphia Fire and Inland Navigation and Trust Company,	3 "
Fire Insurance Company of the County of Philadelphia,	3 "
Union Insurance Co. of Philadelphia,	5 "
Bank of Pennsylvania,	2½ "
Bank of North America,	2½ "
Philad. Exchange Co. for the year,	4 "
Delaware and Raritan Canal and Camden and Amboy Railroad Co.	3 "

Loan from the Banks.

The rumor which was current last week, that the Governor had made a demand upon the Banks which accepted the Revenue Bill, for the deficiency in the loan, does not appear correct, as the circular which we annex seems only to tender the privilege of further subscription, to be accepted or declined at the option of the Bank.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Harrisburgh, June 25th, 1841.

SIR—The subscriptions by the banks which accepted the provisions of the act to provide revenue, of the 4th of May last, to the loan of $3,100,000 authorized by the said act, amount to the sum of $1,675,910—leaving a deficit of $1,424,090. It is provided by the 20th section of the said act, that the omission or refusal of any bank, subject to the payment of tax on its dividends, shall not effect the rights or privileges conferred on the banks complying with the same, but the amount of the said loan, not taken, may be distributed amongst the other banks of the commonwealth, according to the proportions designated in the 7th section of the act. In compliance with the provisions of this section, the Governor has directed the amount of the loan not taken as aforesaid, to be distributed amongst the accepting banks, according to the proportions designated in the said 7th section. By this distribution, the proportion of your bank will be —— per cent. of your capitol, equal to the sum of —— dollars. I have been directed by the Governor to transmit to you this statement and distribution, in order that the same may be submitted to the Board of Directors of your bank—with the request that their decision upon it, and whether they agree to make the subscription to supply their proportion of the said deficit, may be forwarded, as soon as convenient, to this department.

I am yours, respectfully,

(Signed) FRS. R. SHUNK, Secretary of Commonwealth.

Bankrupt Law.

The Speaker laid before the House a Message from the President of the United States, enclosing a memorial from citizens of New York, praying the passage of a bankrupt law. The memorial was signed by 3000 persons. The Message was read, and is in the following words:

To the House of Representatives of the United States.

The accompanying memorial in favor of the passage of a bankrupt law, signed by nearly three thousand of the inhabitants of the city of New York, has been forwarded to me, attended by a request that I would submit it to the consideration of Congress. I cannot waive a compliance with a request urged upon me by so large and respectable a number of my fellow citizens. That a bankrupt law, carefully guarded against fraudulent practices, and embracing, as far as practicable, all classes of society—the failure to do which has heretofore constituted a prominent objection to the measure—would afford extensive relief, I do not doubt. The distress incident to the derangement of some years past has visited large numbers of our fellow citizens with hopeless insolvency, whose energies, both mental and physical, by reason of the load of debt pressing upon them, are lost to the country. Whether Congress shall deem it proper to enter upon the consideration of this subject at its present extraordinary session, it will doubtless wisely determine. I have fulfilled my duty to the memorialists in submitting their petition to your consideration.

JOHN TYLER.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1841.

Compounding Felony.

The Frederickton Gazette gives the following details of the precise way in which the money stolen from this Bank was returned, and how the negotiations were carried on with the Rogues, through the intervention of a Lawyer.

Wiley, the attorney, addressed a letter to the Directors, dated New York, stating that he could furnish some information about the stolen funds of the Bank, if he could have a personal interview with some authorised individual in New York. Accordingly Dr. Tyler and Mr. Beall both left for that city, and arrived there on Sunday evening.

The Frederickton Journal then gives the following details of this singular and unprecedented negotiation:

Early on Monday morning Mr. Wiley was seen by the agents of the Bank, who found him engaged in the discharge of the duties of his office, being that of an Associate Justice of one of the inferior Courts of the City of New York. He was recently, if not now, a practising lawyer in the Court of that city. The agents were received by Mr. W. with assurance that no difficulty should be thrown in the way of a speedy recovery of the plundered funds of the Bank. Mr. W. requested a delay of a few days, as the individual professing to know something about the funds was absent at the South. Nothing was heard till Wednesday evening, when Mr. W. called on the agents, who agreed to pay 8 per cent. for the restoration of the lost issues of the Bank. Mr. W. took with him this proposition, and in the morning notified the agents that he would accept it. It was still not in his power to say on what day the funds could come into his possession, but pledged himself to deliver them at the earliest possible moment after they came into his possession. Nothing more was hard before Saturday morning, when about ten o'clock Mr. Wiley called on Messrs. Tyler and Beall, saying that he was prepared to deliver the property of the Bank.

Mr. Wiley then went to the New York Bank, and in the presence of Mr. Beall requested the Cashier to go with them and assist in counting the money. He also procured the aid of Mr. Hearn, a respectable merchant in Broadway, as they passed along. The place of appointment was a front room in the Hotel, standing on the corner of Broadway and Howard streets, where they all assembled, viz:—Dr. Tyler, Mr. Beall, Mr. Wiley, a Mr. Seal who is clerk to Wiley's Court, Mr. Halsey the Cashier of the New York Bank, and Mr. Hearn the Broadway merchant. Mr. Wiley then left the room for a few minutes and returned bearing in his hand a leather *valise*, which was found to contain the required funds, all sealed up in a single envelope. The package was opened and the money counted by the above named gentlemen. This took place on Saturday morning. After the counting was finished the funds was delivered to Messrs. Tyler and Beall, who paid Mr. Wiley the per centage *on the issues*, as agreed on, and by the evening cars they returned home with their lost treasure. By this means the Frederick County Bank is again upon its legs and in a sound condition. Before the robbery the stock of the Bank to our certain knowledge sold for six per cent. *above par*, and we feel assured that its late misfortune, from which it may now be said to have recovered entirely, so far as the community is concerned, will not cause it to lose any portion of the public confidence it formerly enjoyed. Its *notes* are now perfectly good and none in the State are better.

Scott's Guards.

A new uniformed military company has recently been formed at Elizabethtown, N. J., (the residence, when not on detached service, of Gen. Scott,) which has taken his name.

A series of resolutions were adopted at the organization of the company, highly complimentary to this distinguished officer, of which we find the result in the annexed correspondence taken from the Elizabethtown Journal.

Gen. Winfield Scott—Dear Sir: I have the honor to transmit to you a copy of sundry resolutions which were adopted at a meeting held by the military company recently organized in this town. And in addition to the sentiments contained in those resolutions, allow me to add that I shall, as their commander, feel myself highly honored, if, by their strict military discipline, and otherwise correct deportment, they shall merit your approbation. And while the "Scott's Guards" look to you as their honored example, and strive to emulate your virtues as a citizen and soldier, I am sure they will acquire the esteem, merit and confidence of their fellow citizens; and cannot fail to secure to themselves the proud distinction of good soldiers and valuable citizens.

With sentiments of the highest respect, I subscribe myself your obedient servant,

J. D. EDWARDS, Capt. Scott's Guards.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. J., June 25, 1841.

Capt. J. D. Edwards—Sir: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your flattering note of the 18th inst., enclosing resolutions adopted by a military company formed in this place, under your command, and which has done me the high honor of assuming the name of the "Scott's Guards."

Truly grateful, I beg leave to return thanks to my partial neighbors—not doubting that the company will not only do honor to my name, but, what will be infinitely higher, *to the State*, which in the great revolutionary struggle of our fathers, was covered with the blood and the glory of her sons.

With great respect and esteem, I remain, sir, your friend and neighbor, WINFIELD SCOTT.

Capt. J. D. Edwards, Scott's Guards.

Singular Case of Suicide.

On Thursday morning about nine o'clock, while some boys were fishing on the Schuylkill river, near Arch street wharf, one of them drew with his line to the surface of the water, what was afterward found to be the bodies of two persons, a man and a woman, the hook having caught in the garments of the female. The bodies were got on shore, and it was found that they were tied together at the wrists by a red silk handkerchief, the man's right hand to the woman's left. In the coat pocket of the man was found a brass barreled pistol loaded with ball and capped, and one of the same kind, also loaded, was found in a pocket of the under garments of the female.

The man was supposed to be about twenty-six years of age, and the female about nineteen. They each had dark hair and were good looking. The man had on a new blue cloth coat, gilt buttons, raised in the centre, drab cloth pantaloons, black silk figured vest, muslin shirt, new coarse calfskin boots, and white socks. The female had on a straw bonnet, light colored summer gloves, white stockings, mouselin de laine gown of yellow ground and small red flower, blue calico petticoat, and had in her ears a small pair of rings. A fur hat was found floating in the river about an hour before, which is supposed to belong to the man.

The Coroner held an inquest upon the bodies, and the jury rendered a verdict of Suicide. Although the bodies were seen by many hundreds of people on the wharf, they were not identified. They were taken to the Green House for recognition. It is said by some that two persons answering to their appearance were seen walking along the banks of the river the evening previous.

Appointments by the President.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Joseph Eve, Charge d'Affaires to Texas.

Isaac Rand Jackson, Charge d'Affairs to Denmark.

Walter Forward, First Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States.

Elisha Whittlesey, Auditor of the Treasury for the Post Office Department of the U. States.

Paul Rossignol, Superintendent of the Branch Mint at Dahlonega, in the State of Georgia.

OFFICERS OF THE CUSTOMS.

COLLECTORS.

Jeremiah Brooks, at York, Maine, vice Josh. P. Junkings.

Joseph Thompson, at Fairfield, Connecticut, vice Samuel Simons.

SURVEYORS.

Wm. J. Edelen, at Llewellensburg, Maryland, vice Aloysius Thompson.

Giles R. Hallam, at Stonington, Connecticut, vice Benj. Pomeroy.

APPRAISER.

Robert M. Wellman, at New Orleans, La., vice Cyrus Bradley.

Last of the Piracy.

The intelligence of the arrival of Captain Gorham and crew at Charleston has reached New Orleans, and produced a great reaction in the feelings of the New Orleanois. The Bee observes that "the more we reflect on the conduct of Captain Gorham in abandoning the Charles, the more we are astonished and indignant at its culpable stupidity. If we felt disposed to overlook his desertion of the vessel under circumstances which, as a sea-faring man, he should have known, exempted her from all danger of sinking, we would still be compelled to condemn him for not leaving on board a single line by which the facts of the case might have been ascertained. A few words written in his log-book, a letter left on the table in the cabin, would have spared the friends and relatives of the passengers the most cruel anguish, the city authorities a heavy expense, and an innocent individual the loss of life by a deplorable mistake. For all this is Captain Gorham accountable. A fearful weight of responsibility attaches to his infamous conduct. If we have a counsel to offer him, it is to avoid Louisiana in all his future peregrinations. We know not to what extremities the exasperations of our citizens would impel them, if the guilty author of so much mischief were in their power."

Later From Africa.

The packet brig Rudolph Groning, Sexton, arrived this morning from Monrovia, via Sierra Leone. By this vessel we have the Liberia Herald of March 29, and Africa's Luminary of the 2d of April. The following is a list of the passengers in the brig:—Rev. John Seys, Superintendent of the Methodist mission in Liberia, lady, daughter and servant; Mr. John Payne, lady and servant, of the Protestant Episcopal mission at Cape Palmas; Mrs. Ann Wilkins, of the Methodist mission; Mr. N. P. Jayne, late printer of Africa's Luminary; Mr. William Crocker, of the Baptist mission at Bassa Cove; Mrs. Jane Savage and son, of Liberia; Miss Elizabeth Savage, of do.; Mrs. Amelia Taylor, of do.; Mr. Adolph Dupray and lady, of New Orleans; Mr. Carlos Ramius, of Teneriffe; Messrs. J. W. Roberts, George I. Brown, Leon Harris, Samuel Benedict, Mr. Savage and Simon Peter, of Liberia—the latter one of the native converts, belonging to the Methodist mission.

The Luminary is chiefly occupied with certain documents from the Methodist Missionary Board in this city, in relation to a difficulty existing between Governor Buchanan and the superintendent of that mission.

Funeral Procession.

The Pittsburg Advocate says, the remains of President HARRISON reached this city yesterday. Between 1 and 2 o'clock, the firing of cannon at the Garrison announced the arrival of the boat at Sharpsburg, a few miles above the city, which announcement was answered by cannon from one of our hills, summoning the citizens, of Pittsburg and Allegheny to form in procession at the Canal Basin. In a few minutes more the streets were thronged with the multitude, eager to press forward and show their mournful regard for the beloved deceased. The procession was soon in motion, and moved slowly through the principal streets of the city, to solemn and impressive music, amid the roar of artillery and the tolling of bells. Most of the military companies turned out, together with civic bodies, clergymen and citizens. Every window was filled with women and children, while the streets were thronged with a dense concourse of people. Our population appeared to have come forth *en masse*. The body of Gen. Harrison was finally placed on board the steamboat Raritan, which left immediately for North Bend.

American Securities in England.

A correspondent of the New York Courier writes under date of June 18, the market for American securities has, however, been firmer, and more business has taken place since the arrival of the Caledonia steamship. The advancing rates in the United States has created more confidence in the speculators here, and the shares of the Bank of the U. S. particularly, were in demand on Monday or Tuesday last at £4 5, but this price has not since been sustained, sales having not this afternoon been really practicable at higher quotations than £4. The transactions were yesterday considerable in New York 5 per cents. at 81, the market being cleared of the stock at that rate, and there was one transaction of 10,000 of Ohio 6 per cents. at 88. The transactions in Indiana and Illinois stocks have been suspended, in consequence of the uncertainty which prevails respecting the dividends on those securities, although the latest accounts represent the Commissioners as fully expecting to obtain the requisite funds in New York."

West Point Academy.

The Report of the Board of Visiters at West Point, is published in the National Intelligencer of Monday. It is highly complimentary to the managers of the institution. Various suggestions are urged, and the board concludes with this language.

"The Department will permit us to add, in conclusion, that with whatever diversity of opinions we may have met, we are about to take leave of each other and of this enticing scenery, which nature seems to have created in beautiful harmony with a vigorous and tempered development of youthful intellect, deeply sensible to the great permanent interest of the whole country in this our only national institution of science, and earnestly hoping that no narrow public councils or party or local jealousies will ever be suffered to divert it from its original purpose, or to impede its natural progress to the very utmost limit of academical perfection."

Found Him out, at Last.

We copy the following biography of Kendall, one of the editors of the N. O. Picayune, from Hill's N. H. Patriot:—

"The talented and facetious editor of the Picayune is the descendant of an ancient family at Amherst in this State; his great grandfather on the mother's side was the first most respected clergyman of that town; his mother, with an angelic voice, was the head of the singing choir for years at the church which we attended from 14 to 21 years of age—she was married, and we had the honor to be a guest at the wedding. The father and the mother moved away to Burlington, Vermont, and we knew not that such a person as young K—— was in existence till the flashes of his fine talents repeatedly met us all the way from New Orleans. Like many others whom we might name, he is indebted for his notoriety to his service in a printing office."

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	10a12½	Pigs, whole,	$1a$1½
" midding,	6a 8	Pigs' Feet, set,	10a12
" Corned,	7a 9	Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25
Veal,	5a 8	Fresh Tripe, per lb.	4a 6
Mutton,	5a 7	Mince Meat, jar,	$1
Lamb, per qr.	62a87½	Souce Cheese, lb.	9a10
Pork, fresh, per lb.	5a 7	Dried Plums, qt.	15a20
" pickled, "	6a 7½	Sausages, stuffed, lb.	7a 8
Hams, Jersey,	11a12	Blood Pudding,	7a 8
Jowls,	5a 6	Potatoes, old, peck,	12a15
Dried Beef,	11a12½	Do. new, lb.	2a 3
Beef's Tongue,	50a62½	Apples, green, ½ pk.	10a12
Butter, lb.	18a25	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Lard, "	10a12½	Pickles, per 100,	25a37½
Cheese, "	6a12½	Beets, bunch,	4a 6
Eggs, per doz.	14a16	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Fowls, pair,	62a75	Turnips, new, peck,	30a40
Chickens, pair,	37a50	Onions, green, rope,	6a 8
" Live,	31a50	Do. green, bunch,	1a 2
Turkeys,	75a$1½	[illegible], qt.	5a 6
Pigeons, pair,	20a25	Lima Beans,	11a12
Salmon, pickled, lb.	11a12½	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	20a25
" fresh,	20a25	Green Whortleberries,	6a 8
" dry, lb.	23a25	Cranberries, qt.	10a12
Flounders, fresh, lb.	6a 7	Dried Apples, ½ pk.	16a20
Halibut, per lb.	10a12½	" Pears, "	37a44
Black Fish, "	7a 9	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
Porgies, "	6a 7	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	44a50
Perch, string,	10a20	Wheat " "	75a81
Rock, lb.	12a20	Walnuts, peck,	25a30
Pickled Cod,	4a 5	Shellbarks, per qt.	4a 5
Lobsters, live, lb.	12½	Hominy, "	8a10
Terrapins, doz.	$3a$4	Horseradish, root,	2a 3
Ducks, pair,	62a81	Honey, per lb.	15a18
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Dried Cherries, qt.	10
Asparagus, bunch,	10a12½	" stoned,	20a25
Currants, per qt.	6a 8	Grapes, per qt.	5a 7
Sallad, qr. peck,	1a 2	Peas, half peck,	10a12½
" head,	1a 2	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
Gooseberries, per qt.	8a10	String Beans, ½ pk.	10a12
Dewberries,	10a12½	Cabbage, head,	4a 5
Mulberries, box,	8a 9	Cucumbers, piece,	1a 3
Raspberries, "	12a	Rhubarb, bunch,	4a 5
Cherries, per lb.	4a 8	Squashes, each,	2a 3

The markets have not been as fully supplied the past week as for two or three weeks previously, and, as a consequence the supply of Fruits and Vegetables has been something short, which has advanced prices. Strawberries are entirely gone, and Green Peas are not very abundant. Raspberries do not come in as plentifully as was expected, and the price still keeps up. Some few Dewberries are in market, which, being deemed a most healthy fruit, will no doubt be sought after. The excessively warm weather has prevented the production of the late full supply of Butter, or even the keeping of it good after made—consequently the price has advanced fifty per cent. on last week's quotation. Eggs are also going up. Fish are this week plenty, and at lower rates than they have been for some weeks. The Meat market is much the same as it has been for the past two months. Foreign Fruits, especially Pine Apples and Lemons are still plenty in all parts of the city. Oranges are less abundant than they have been.—*Public Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

REMARKS.—As is invariably the case about the period of the Anniversary of our National Independence, business has become exceedingly dull, and we have but few transactions to note.

In COFFEE and COTTON there have been no sales of magnitude.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Small sales of Fresh ground Flour at $5,50; Brandywine $5,50—both for export. Holders ask $5,50 on the Delaware for fair to good brands Penna. Flour, but the demand has become exceedingly limited. On Broad street sales for city use at $5,37½a5,50 for fair to good brands. Rye Flour is steady at $3,12½a3,25. Corn Meal—Sales of Penna. Meal in bbls at $2,75.

GRAIN.—Last sales of Wheat were at $1,20a1,22 per bushel for good to prime Penna. red. Rye—We quote Penna. at 62 cts. Corn—Sales of round Yellow at 60a61, and White 56a59 cts. It is wanted. Oats—Sales of Southern at 40 cts.

PROVISIONS are without change, either in price or demand.

SUGAR.—The transactions have been only in small lots at steady rates.

WHISKEY.—Sales in bbls at 21, occasionally 21½ cents; sales in hhds at 22 cts. Market quiet.

EXCHANGE.—On Boston 2½a3 per cent prem; N. York 2¼a3¼ do; Baltimore ¾a1 do; Richmond 1 per cent. disct; New Orleans 4a4½ do.—*North American.*

A NEW VOLUME.
IN SPLENDID STYLE.

July, 1841.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The great increase in the subscription list of this highly popular Magazine (the edition having more than doubled in less than six months,) induced the proprietor, to commence a new volume, with the July number. It is issued in the most attractive style, with the first of a new series, of

Rich Original Engravings,

got up in a manner, that shall surpass any used, in any other American Magazine. In addition to the fact, that we employ the talent of the very best American artists, in the engraving of the plates for this work, it must be remembered, the most of the subjects selected, are

Original American Pictures,

which have never been before engraved, and are consequently, the newest that can be brought before the public.

Highly Colored Fashions.

It must be remembered, that the Fashion plates of this Magazine, are the best in coloring and design that can be found in any work published, in this country or in Europe. They are engraved and colored for this Magazine, by the best artists that the country can produce, and are drawn, *always* from the latest designs from Paris and London, and consequently may always be relied upon as the prevailing style in the United States, for the month in which they are issued. We pay more for *coloring* than any other publication, and always have the *best*.

The July number contains the following splendid embellishments, procured at great expense, and it may be safely asserted that no three dollar magazine published in this country, ever expended as much upon a single number.

COTTAGE LIFE.—A magnificent steel engraving, prepared expressly for the magazine, by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie, New York.

THE GLEANERS.—Another beautiful steel plate, engraved for the magazine by Eldridge.

FASHIONS.—Four figures, handsomely colored. Two ladies and two gentlemen. A feature peculiar to this magazine.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.—Illustrated with an engraving.

MUSIC.—"Away then to the Mountains," three pages.

Our Beautiful Mezzotint Engravings.

It affords us much satisfaction to be able to state to our exchanges and subscribers, that we have made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, the accomplished mezzotint engraver, whose plates have contributed so much to the beauty of the magazine heretofore, by which we secure *his splendid mezzotints for this work alone*. No other magazine of this kind can have them *without permission from us*.

This we take to be a good move, and although the preference is *purchased by us at a very heavy expense*, we are confident *that nothing can be got up to equal them in beauty, or to compete with them in popularity*. The engagement is permanent, and is confined to magazine work alone. The artist will still furnish his incomparable plates for all other purposes.

These beautiful engravings will consequently appear as often as they can be furnished by the artist. The immense increase in the edition rendering it necessary that *two or three* plates of the same subject must be prepared for every number in which they are used. We print now per month an edition of

17,000 Copies,

And, at the present rate of increase, shall soon have an edition unequalled in the history of magazine publishing in this country, or in Europe. We confidently assert, that no work of the kind ever started here, has secured so wide a circulation in the same space of time.

Our Splendid Steel Engravings.

We have also entered into a distinct and permanent arrangement with Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie, of New York, for a series of splendid engravings, *to be got out in a style unsurpassed by any that have ever been done in this country*. The wide spread fame of these artists is a sufficient guarantee of the character of the work, that we shall receive from their hands. So that with such an organization, we may safely defy competition in the way of embellishments, show the world.

A Pattern for Others to Follow

in the way of liberal and judicious expenditure, and fix a *new era* in the history of magazine publishing in this country. It is a libel upon American artists to presume that the *worn-out plates of old English Annuals* are to compete with, or be preferred, to the beautiful creations of their genius, taste, and skill.

The Contributors.

In addition, to the unusually fine array of original contributors, which the Magazine has thus far boasted, arrangements have been made with a number more, of the best writers of the day, so that spice and variety may be looked for in the literary department of the new volume.

Sports and Pastimes.

This interesting feature of the Magazine shall still be preserved as important to young sportsmen, and in fact to all young or old, who delight in the sports of the rod and the gun. Articles in this department shall be from acknowledged pens, and of the very best authority.

New Type and Paper.

The volume is opened with a new and beautiful type, cast expressly for the work, the mechanical execution is of surpassing neatness, and the printing is upon the finest white paper.

New and Popular Music.

The choicest pieces of new and popular music for the Piano forte and Guitar shall be selected for its pages, and two or more pages shall appear regularly each month. In this way subscribers in remote country towns, can always have the latest music at low rates, almost as soon as it is published.

TERMS CASH.

The terms are $3 for a single subscription, and in no case will the price be abated, or *two copies* for $5 free of postage and discount, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. *No subscriber received in any case without the money*. This rule is imperious and will not be departed from.

Address post-paid, GEO. R. GRAHAM, S. W. corner 3d and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.

Exchanges will please Copy,

and send their papers, hereafter, addressed to the Saturday Evening Post, which will save the publisher postage.

Health Office, July 3, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington. From the 26th of June to the 3d of July.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Asphyxia,	0	1	Brought over,	29	31
Apoplexy,	3	0	Hæmorrhage from Bowels,	1	0
Croup,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	2
Congestion of Brain,	1	0	——bronchi,	1	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	9	0	——Lungs,	0	6
Convulsions,	1	4	——Stomach and Bowels,	0	1
——Puerperal,	1	0	——Bowels,	1	2
Cachexia,	0	1	——Liver,	0	1
Diarrhœa,	0	6	Intemperance,	2	0
Dropsy,	0	1	Inanition,	0	2
——Abdominal,	2	0	Infanticide,	0	1
——Head,	0	9	Marasmus,	1	10
Disease of Heart,	2	1	Measles,	0	1
——Bowels,	1	0	Neglect,	0	1
Drowned,	2	1	Old Age,	2	0
Dysentery,	1	1	Scirrhus of Uterus,	1	0
Debility,	0	3	Small Pox,	0	5
Effects of Lightning,	1	0	Still Born,	0	7
Fever,	3	0	Summer Complaint,	0	17
——Congestive,	1	0	Unknown,	1	1
——Bilious,	0	1	Varioloid,	0	1
——Typhoid,	1	0			
——Inflammatory,	0	1			
Carried over,	29	31	Total, 130—	39	91

Of the above there were 6 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 15 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health. SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 28,	75	78	80
29,	77	81	84
30,	80	85	87
July 1,	81	85	89
2,	76	79	80
3,	71	74	75

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL, FOR BOYS UNDER 14 YEARS OF AGE. Situated on the Crosswicks Road, about three miles from Bordentown, N. J.

The School will open for the Summer term, on the 17th day of the 5th month, 1841.

In the government of the School, care will be extended to form such habits and inculcate such principles, as will best advance the welfare of the pupils, both morally and physically.

The scholars will be expected to attend (with their Teacher) Friends' Meeting at Crosswicks, about three fourths of a mile distant.

The number of Boys limited to twenty-eight.

TERMS—Sixty dollars per term of twenty two weeks, payable half in advance, the remainder in the middle of the term. Books and Stationary included, no extra charge.

It is desirable that the outer garments of the Boys should be dark color,—and all the clothing marked with the pupil's name.

HENRY W. RIDGWAY.

REFERENCES—Joseph Ridgway, No. 79 Chesnut st. Philadelphia. George Truman, No. 105 Arch street. George M. Justice, No. 149 Market st. ap 17-3m*

STAMMERING CURED, AND INSTRUCTION GIVEN IN ELOCUTION.

DR. COMSTOCK'S Vocal Gymnasium is open from the first of September till the last of June—July and August being vacation months. All desirous of instruction, either for the cure of *Stammering, Lisping or Defective Articulation*, or for improvement in *Elocution*, may learn the conditions of ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D. No. 100 Mulberry (Arch) street, Philadelphia.

☞ Dr. Comstock's *Remarks on Stammering*, certificates of cures, and the numerous recommendations which he has obtained of his *System of Vocal Gymnastics*, are appended to his Circular, which shall be sent to any one who may wish to learn more upon the subject of his institution. Satisfactory references will be given in the principal cities throughout the Union. July 10 3m*

BOARDING at Deal, near Long Branch, N. J.—The subscriber having taken the house formerly occupied by Jacob Corlies, it will be opened the first of July for the accommodation of all those that will favor him with their custom. The pleasantness of the house needs no recommendation. For health and comfort it cannot be surpassed by any on the Sea Board. The subscriber hopes by strict attention to receive a share of public patronage. SCOTT HERBERT. Deal, June 26, 1841. june 26-6t*

AMERICAN Medical Library, New Series—Edited by Robley Dunglison, M. D. Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica in Jefferson College of Philadelphia, &c. &c.

The first number of this new Series will be published in the course of the month.

Terms—Five dollars a year payable in advance. Address A. WALDIE, Philada. July 10-3t*

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 79 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to *Dental Surgery* will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory. Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder, and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. my 1 ly

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, Chemists and Colormen, manufacturers of White Lead, Lead Pipes, Window Glass &c. Importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Apothecaries Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. ap 24 ly

ALMANAC.

July, 1841	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	High water.	Moon's phases.
10 Saturday,	4 40	7 20	4 51	
11 Sunday,	4 40	7 20	7 33	
12 Monday,	4 41	7 19	8 10	
13 Tuesday,	4 41	7 19	9 8	
14 Wednesday,	4 42	7 18	10 2	Full 3 1 23
15 Thursday,	4 43	7 17	11 2	Last 11 3 24
16 Friday,	4 43	7 17	12 7	New 18 9 6
17 Saturday,	4 44	7 16	1 3	First 25 3 14

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

ARRIVES.		DEPARTS.	
Eastern,	at 3 & 12 P. M.	Eastern	at 9 A. M. & 4 P. M.
Western,	4 1-2 & 11 1-2 P. M.	Western,	5 A. M. & 10 P. M.
Southern,	5 P. M.	Southern,	5 A. M.

Married.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, Mr. ROBERT F. MURPHY, to Miss ELIZA P. daughter of James W. Simes, Esq. all of this city.

On the 4th inst. at Gloucester Furnace, N. J. by the Rev. M. German, Mr. JOHN RICHARDS, Esq. to Miss LOUISA STEVENS, of Philada.

On the 27th ult. by the same, Mr. LUTHER B. TOMPKINS, of Winslow, N. J. to Miss ANN E. SHINN, of Waterford Township, Gloucester county, N. J.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SHUBERT, to WHILHELMINA W. SCHILLING, all of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. A. D. Gillette, WILLIAM STONEHILL, to CATHARINE SEABOLT, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Sampson, Mr. JOHN McKANE, to Mrs. M. WILSON, both of this city.

On the 19th ult. at East Liberty, Allegheny county, by the Rev. Joseph Kerr, the Rev. JOHN G. FULTON, of Blairsville, to FRANCES McCLINTOCK, youngest daughter of John McClintock, Esq.

On the 30th ult. at Friends' Meeting House, on Cherry street, JOSEPH WARNER JOHNSON, to MARY J. WRIGHT, both of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. F. Ketcham, WM. LOWERY, to MARY MASBURY, both of the Northern Liberties.

In New York, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Price, THEOPHILUS HARDENBROOK, to REBECCA M. VAN REED, daughter of the late John Van Reed, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. W. D. Howard, of Frankford, CHURCHILL HOUSTON, to SUSANNAH LOUISA, daughter of John Jacob Sommer, formerly of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. O. Douglass, WASHINGTON SYMMES, to JULIA CHURCH.

On the morning of the 1st inst. at St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Capt. THOMAS ROXENBOROUGH, of Wheeling, Va. to TRIPHENA H. daughter of Saml. Philbrook, of Andover, N. H.

On Thursday evening, 17th ult. at Covington, Ky. by the Rev. J. L. Wilson, Mr. GEORGE W. BALL, of Vicksburg, Miss. to Miss MARY JANE, eldest daughter of John K. McNickle, Esq.

On Thursday, 24th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, SYLVESTER KEYSER, of Penn Township, to MARY A. daughter of John Phillips, Esq. of the Northern Liberties.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. EDWIN A. HUGHES, to Miss MARY C. RICHARDS, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by Alderman Potts, Mr. ANTHONY PETTIT, to Miss SUSAN BACHELOR, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 1st inst. by Alderman John Laws, RODERICK D. BROWN, to ELIZABETH LYNN, both of this city.

At the Conewago Chapel, on the 24th of May, by the Rev. Mr. Lekue, Dr. WILLIAM GWINN, to Miss CLORINDA M. daughter of William McIlvain, Esq. all of Littlestown, Pa.

In the city of Camden, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. K. Shaw, Mr. ABNER SPARKS, to Miss HOPE J. CLOUD, both of Knight's Point.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE W. AGER, of Spring Garden, to Miss FRANCES KRIDER, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 4th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, D. D. WALTER F. PENNEY to MARY L. LEACH, all of this city.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 4th inst. Mr. CHRISTIAN R. FANS, to Miss MARY PRICE.

Died.

Suddenly, on the 1st inst. GEORGE W. youngest son of John J. and Susan Ninesteel, aged 4 years.

On the 30th ult. SUSAN ALLEN, aged 69 years.

On the 1st ult. on board the barque Ann Louisa, on the passage from Vera Cruz to New York, MARGARETTA, wife of Cipriano Canedo, of Guadalaxara, Mexico, and daughter of Peter Keyser, of Germantown.

On the 30th ult. JOHN KERN, aged 61 years.

On the 1st inst. Mr. DANIEL STEEF, son of John Steef, in the 22d year of his age.

On the 30th ult. in the 45th year of her age, ELIZABETH, wife of Anthony Sinclair.

On the 1st inst. WM. V. youngest son of Henry and Olivia F. Holmes, aged 11 months and 14 days.

At sea, on the 23d of March, 1841, of consumption, ISAAC W. WHARTON, second mate and carpenter of the bark California, aged 29 years and 14 days.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH WECKERLY, in the 72d year of her age.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. MARIA GARRIGUES.

On the 7th inst. JAMES GALLON, infant son of John and Margaret Gallon, aged 15 months.

On the 6th inst. after a long illness, CATHARINE ANN DAVIS, daughter of Wm. and Elizabeth Davis, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 4th inst. after a lingering and protracted illness, Mrs. SARAH MEREDITH, in the 42d year of her age.

On Thursday night, the 1st inst. Mr. CHRISTIAN F. HUMENDORFFER, in the 49th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. CATHALINE YUNGER, wife of Caspar Yunger, in the 47th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. in the 27th year of his age, Mr. PETER WHITE.

On the 1st inst. WILLIAM, infant son of Wm and Hannah Farrow, aged 10 months.

On the 1st inst. JOHN, son of John and Catharine McAleer, aged 2 years, 5 months and 15 days.

On the 25th ult. at Sharon, Bucks county, in the 29th year of her age, MARY ELIZABETH RIDGELEY, consort of the Rev. Greenbury W. Ridgeley, and only daughter of James Worth, formerly of this city.

On Sunday morning, 4th inst. at 10½ o'clock, HARRIET JACKSON, in the 18th year of her age, daughter of the late Wm. Jackson.

At the City Hotel, New Orleans, on the 23d ult. of congestive fever, Major RICHARD G. DUNLAP, a native of Tennessee, and formerly Minister from Texas to the U. States, aged 45 years.

Suddenly, at Farmington, Connecticut, on Saturday, 26th ult. WILLIAM R. CHAMBERLIN, in the 25th year of his age, formerly of Flemington, N. J.

On the 2d inst. SARAH CAMPBELL, aged 84 years.

On the 30th ult. JOHN CAMPBELL HARRIS, son of Dr. Wm. Harris, in the 18th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. at Frankford, Mr. EDWARD EWING, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 6th inst. GEORGE GAMBLE, infant son of Warren and Ann Gamble, aged 16 months.

At his residence, Mr. THOMAS CUNNINGHAM, in the 73d year of his age.

On the 5th inst. in the 28th year of his age, JONATHAN EVANS, of this city.

On the 5th inst. ANN JUDSON GILBERT, daughter of Henry and Caroline Gilbert, aged 3 years and 6 months.

At Bridgeton, N. J. on the 4th inst. SAMUEL THOMPSON, son of Samuel T. Bodine, of Kensington, Pa. aged 4 months.

At his residence near Williamstown, in Strasburg township, Lancaster county, on the 1st instant, the Hon. JOHN LIGHTNER, late Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of that county, aged 69 years.

At Shippensburg, Pa. on Monday morning, the 5th inst. Dr. A. D. LINN, in the 41st year of his age, formerly of this city.

On the 5th inst. after a short illness, in the 72d year of his age, with the blessed hope of a glorious resurrection, CORNELIUS TRIMNEL.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. O'BRIEN, widow, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 5th inst. of consumption, ALEXANDER BROWN, in the 57th year of his age, a native of Ackerdue, near Colrain, Ireland.

On the 4th instant, after a short illness, ESTHER, wife of Benjamin Clark, in the 70th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. after a short illness, Mrs. JANE FOWLER, wife of Charles Fowler, aged 21 years and 6 months.

At Tampico, Mexico, on the 5th of June, STEPHEN FAIRFAX DONALDSON, of Fairfax county, Va. formerly Paymaster of the 14th Regt. U. S. Infantry.

On Monday afternoon, 5th inst. Mrs. FANNY H. wife of Mr. Aaron Levy, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with pious resignation.

On Thursday, 1st inst. ELLEN MARIA, daughter of Paul G. and Sarah M. Oliver, aged 2 months and 8 days.

On the 6th inst. at the residence of Mrs. D. H. Mundall, WILLIAM MUNDALL, aged 3 years and 6 months.

On the 5th inst. at Burlington, N. J. Mrs. REBECCA PLENSTEED, relict of the late Benjamin Hutton, of this city, aged 77 years.

At his residence, in Abington township, Montgomery county, on the 28th ult. very suddenly, JOHN KIRK, aged about 60 years. Mr. K. was one of the most respectable citizens of that township, and was deservedly esteemed for his many excellent qualities, by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

HEARING AND EYE SIGHT RESTORED. From an Ohio Paper.

MR. PRINTER—There is a man residing in Reading, Pennsylvania, who pursueth a new plan of giving help in those cases.

By taking his advice people will find themselves so easily getting well; so easily getting cured, that they'll almost be at a loss to tell how.

They'll almost be at a loss to know how their afflictions were overcome, and they restored to hearing and sight again.

And 'tis brought about without giving any medicine, without giving any physick—as (according to his practice and principles.)

MUCH OF THE ART OF PHYSICK CONSISTS IN KNOWING WHEN NOT TO GIVE IT.

No truth more valuable, and we have no doubt—but—that the giving of physick when it ought not to have been given, has been the ruin of 100's & 1000's of our fellow creatures, throughout the world.

Why, friend reader, the regaining of health and of such blessings to those who had the misfortune to lose them, can never be paid with gold or silver and worldly things.

Indeed, the recovery of such blessings is invaluable, and when people get their eye sight again, let them offer up prayer to God, and not to man. For, it is to *Him* that praise is due, and not to the physician.

The farmer giveth seed to the earth, but a kind Providence giveth harvest.

So, as natural principles, the physician giveth remedy to the sick, but that same kind Providence giveth health.

Let us be thankful.

A letter below will make known to applicants the nature of help, and that for a fee of five dollars, it is sent by mail free of postage. And if any additional help—any additional remedial help—should be wanted, 'twill be sent on without any further charge.

The fee is merely considered a recompense for the doctor's time and mental labor.

More he does not want.

And that which people get in return will be of more value to them than hundreds of such dollar fees; and as a corroboration of the above, we annex a letter from G. W. Ells to Dr. Green.

Dear Friend—Some three years since I made application to you to restore my hearing and eye sight, and at the same time, for a friend of mine, Mr. Norton Case, who was afflicted with a great degree of deafness. I mention these circumstances to bring the matter fresh to your mind. We received your remedy, followed the prescriptions, and were soon restored to the use of our ears and eyes, our general health, also improved in the mean time, by the excellent advice you gave us on the subject of health and long life.

A young man applied to me a few days since for information—he is afflicted with weak eyes—medical men here, in our parts of the world, tell him that the optic nerve is weak. I immediately referred him to you as the only man within the circle of my acquaintance, who could give relief in such cases, and he not conveniently able to write, I concluded to write myself, and at the same time enclose the customary five dollar fee, and request that which is necessary will be quickly sent on.

Be kind enough to send me one of your pamphlets on the subject of health, temperance, and long life.

Yours, in friendship, G. W. ELLS, P. M.

Granville, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1838. To Dr. Green, Reading, Pa. jy 10—14*

DOES not common sense teach us that EXPECTORATION is the most natural as well as the most effectual agent in arresting and curing PULMONARY DISEASES? Reason says yes, because

OBSTRUCTION

is either immediately or remotely the cause of Inflammation and Ulceration of the Lungs, producing Croup, Consumption, and Abscesses of the Lungs, Pain and Soreness of the Throat, Breast, Sides or Shoulders, Bronchitis, exciting mucous and purulent secretions, thereby clogging up the lungs, so as to more or less impede free respiration and the free circulation of the blood, cause Difficulty of Breathing, and

ASTHMA,

Pleurisy, Hoarseness and Loss of Voice, Dropsy of the Heart and Chest, Rupture of Blood Vessels and Bleeding from Throat and Lungs and

SPITTING OF BLOOD.

To remove that obstruction, from which all those alarming and dangerous diseases originate, and to produce a radical cure, nothing has ever been found equal to JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

It stands unrivalled—it stands pre-eminent—over it, and you will be forced to acknowledge that the virtues have not, nor cannot be overrated; that it stands far above and beyond the reach of competition, that it is the only remedy, the only natural and the only truly successful method of arresting and curing diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia. Price $1.

N. B. No charge for medical advice.

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life.
That gives it all its flavor.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

Song.

The bale—I wonder how they guess it.
I'm sure I never tell.
And if I toss, I'm no confess it—
Here-me dare pass as well!
I'm sure 'I was so I told my ladder—
I would not love—not I.
He says 'I was yes, the weary ladder!
He saw you in my eye.

My mother says 'I is naughty—very'
For I am scarce fifteen;
I vowed, to please me none so chary
My love should ne'er be seen.
And still 'I was so I told my ladder,
And still—I wonder why!
He kissed me—ah, the weary ladder!
He saw love in my eye.

The little love, I hide him very,
Asleep within my eyes,
But when he heard my gentle Henry,
The rebel would not rest
And while I thought the boy was sleeping—
Alack, he is no sly!
I found the rogue at Harry peeping,
Ay, peeping through my eye.

Winslow. CAVELLER.

From the United States Gazette.

Mr. Chandler:—In your paper of Thursday, I noticed some specimens of an old versification of the Psalms of David. The scholar's name was not given, but I believe it to be Thomas Sutton, who among other services in this Dissenting cause, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, versified the Psalms—it was not very well received, however, so that it soon fell into disuse. A small edition was first published in 1687, of which there are but two copies known to be extant, one in the library with one of the Sir John Suttetons an antiquary of Leeds, and the other in the Ormonde Library.—Perhaps in England, a few years since I visited that depository of ancient and modern lore, and had the pleasure of seeing the worthy Librarian, to take copies of such things as might attract my fancy—my eye caught the identical work as I was about leaving, and as my time was limited I had to content myself with the transcription of the 103d psalm, which was as follows:

Imitate now praise,
Sing ye Lord's name,
Bless his name and
Bethe grace and smalle.
To dwell one name
For ye as is
Y possess spyke,
Blame Almyne hight powere,
Whole kingdome
Of his rule
Hadde wonderously ygrowne

As Hermonne dew
Descended here
On Zion gracious be,
For there Le Lorde.
To me bestowe his wonde,
Eyr life which lasts for aye
June 12, 1841. LOVER OF ANCIENT POETRY.

Russia.

There is a great scarcity of able men in Russia, and with the degraded state of public education, and general corruption of morals that prevails there, it would be a subject for wonder were it otherwise. The ministers for foreign affairs, and home and police departments are in the hands of foreigners, as to this the army, where, with the semi-barbarous condition of the people, native talent should thrive. The especial favor shown to Germans commenced previous to the present reign, and the unprotected partiality with an introduction of European returns, and partly with an idea, on the part of the Czars, of self-preservation against their own subjects, which their motto appears to have especially prevailed under the present reign. There has, however, existed all along a strong opposition to these Germans among the ancient Russian nobility, (from that circumstance the name of the *old Russian party*, both from jealousy of the advantages enjoyed by them, and from dislike to the peculiar contempt the foreign party have imposed to those of the nation. The German party was in such very high favor during the reign of Alexander, that when General Vermoloff, a man of high military reputation, was asked by the Emperor what favor he would have bestowed upon him, the former simply requested to be ranked as a German. It met with a check, however, during the Polish war, which General Diebitsch, a German, with a host of Germans generals, at the head of 200,000 men, was defeated in several battles by an *able* native number of Poles.

Beautiful Sentiment.

Oh, humble take what God bestows
And like his own the flowers,
Look up in sunshine or in shade,
And gently tend in showers.

To Let.—The following is a copy, verbatim, punctuation, et literatim, as the classics have it, of a notice "To Let," posted up at one of the local, rookeries in Cambridge. By great a literary curiosity, penned and posted within sight of the walls of that ancient seat of learning, the classic Harvard, deserves a wider circulation. To Let Every House in Auburn St near the Baptist Meeting house in Cambridgeport. Parties Knowing with themselves Owes, thereon, can with good water and Boston below, and two chambers without Buildings May 1.

Fashion of the Fates.—At a public meeting in England the weather was warm, and there stood near me a little fat gentleman, who seemed much incommoded by the crowd. There came pressing behind him a tall raw-boned man, holding a handkerchief to his head. "What do you mean, sir?" said the gentleman, by crowding and pushing in this manner?" "I can't help you, sir," said I'm one of the gentlemen connected with the press." "I thought so, by Jove!" was the ready reply, "for you have rarely squeezed my fifth!"

Our Poetry.—If the following lines, written by an ancient Governor of Connecticut, do not border on the sublime, they at least approach it—that of the sublime:

Abigail Lord, of her own accord,
Went down to see her sister,
When James Lee, bruit as a flea,
Jumped right up and kissed her.

Mad Dog.—Conversatively speaking, we almost a rental is one of these two-legged animals, usually denominated "man and brother." While it is of another sort, we mildly looks. If we were governor, (and we are) "Carter's son" of Mississippi at a be colonized, and he obliged to subsist on each other's littleness for the remainder of their days.

Sweating out of it.—A Hibernian was once taken to task for stealing a goat. On hearing that a man who had stolen a goose, had got transported because he promised to William who would be possessed the kind want it was a goating. Pat stood to get a hearing, for that he had the goat ever since it was a paten!

"When you steal, steal pay for the Post." The following a signed from a country contemporary, who is not to be outdone by any in the trade of putting him in a fix" with postage:

"Notice.—If no letter is taken of to letter on which no postage is not paid."

Satire.—Satire is almost always ill-humor well expressed. Satire and honest are first, upon consideration. People fear and hate it. A certain respect is due to every man's opinion and character, of resentment, and even to his weakness. The satire wit heeds not these.

Influence of Woman.—There is something to say, strong, very strong influence of the heart of women; some strange influence, even of one is not in love with, and every thing else, if there is a woman within sight.

The Great Illusion.—A stranger having entered the apartment where the Emperor Napoleon was shaving, asked him on a sudden how he was. "I want to see your great Emperor—what are you to him?" The Emperor replied, "I shave him."

Love.—There is a jolly little epigram in the Gem Anthology, on a statue of Cupid. Its translation is to this effect:—

"Wing'd thou art, sit master may—
Nor vain, or is or to be
Love."

A Petulant Old Lady having retired rather to her sense, he repeatedly with her, and gave herself her liberty to divulge to her surprise, that the villain in your face," said she. "That is a personal reflection, indeed," answered the lady.

A Rare Bird.—Epidemic," said Rotton, "what does a person look like, when gathering his sweetness through a shower?" "Why," said Sheridan, "like a bee-hunter." "Or her very much the appearance of a rain-bow."

The Car Lady's Whirl.—"Ah, Jerry" said a good natured gentleman, "I see you have married into a neighboring station." "O Jerry, you need be upon the wheel, for I spoke nary a day to send you no inkling."

True to Nature.—A sign painter says a *do*mpany *sign* for office has painted a new *hand* upon, an accurately, that the sign was their hands and look wonderfully every time they pass the window.

Rain and Talent.—Many a one may justly think his talent for his rank, but no man ever yet was known to refuse the compliment by thinking his rank for his talent.

From the Boston Courier.

On Tight Lacing.

Dear Mary:—You should have consulted me, before you put on corsets. I would not willingly see you from it. However, your mentioning it the instant you suggested that I might not approve it, stems for the conclusion—unless indeed, your frame has already suffered most serious injury; as I fear it has. That of the modern fashion, if you will or stand—that sinking of the spirits—that aversion to walking, or riding on horseback? Do you think, child, if prey Heaven you may not have stored up for yourself an incurable disease, perhaps, from life-long pain?

A very slight knowledge of the delicate and extremely strength fabric in which the lungs play and the heart beats, is enough to show (I say not the dangerous or fearful, but) the fatal effects of tight lacing; whether with, or without corsets. *Fatal*, to activity, to energy, to good spirits, to health, and ultimately to life.

You may rea a picture of that fabric—the bones of the human frame, and the sound of a skeleton, or book of anatomy; or in Combe's admirable Physiology." See the spine, or backbone; composed of twenty-four joints called vertebræ, all piled one upon another, and perforated from end to end by the spinal marrow—which is only an elongation, or offshoot, of the brain. From the upper half of these joints proceed twelve ribs on each side, curving forward and outward, till they approach the breast bone, or three inches below the *stomach*, or breast-bone; when their bony substance ends, and they become mere gristle, seven of them, however, are found hinged into the breast-bone, as the ribs are into the spine. The breast-bone is from six to nine inches or more broad—extending lengthwise about six or eight inches from the throat to the pit of the stomach: and is held firm in its place chiefly by the rib-gristle above mentioned, and is the protecting frame to the veins blood which has gone its round,—returning to the heart, and to the lungs to receive fresh life and power. Below each gristle, and then sinking a little, and ending another set; leaving from the ribs all round, a space of the breast, or trunk, for the heart to play as indispensable.

Now a moment's slight lacing of any kind, fetters the free play of those bones; destroys all the advantage of the joints and hinges which nature has provided; and limits the room in which the lungs and heart move—besides depriving them of the air, the supply they derive from the motion of the bones and muscles. But all this is not half the mischief. The ribs, especially at the joints or hinges, being soft in young people,—and the gristles more so, still, and pressed upon, as the heart is ever to approach nearer and nearer to the breast-bone in order to receive the blood, and make room for a new one; they, there are instances of tight lacing, where the ribs have not only passed the sternum and met, but have even *lapped* each other! For short of that extreme, however, fatal effects may be expected from tight lacing. Instead of the ribs curving from the points of the ribs several inches forward, and then backward, they are pressed in at the sides, so much, that chamber which was at first *not a hair's breadth* too large for the heart, is now, by the pressure, and no longer draw the blood with regular and healthful impulse. The heart, therefore, must labor more and strive more to force on the blood,